

From the Examiner.

Charles Lamb; His Friends, His Haunts, and His Books. By Percy Fitzgerald, M. A., F. S. A. Bentley.

PROFESSING only to be a supplement to Talfourd's 'Memorials and Letters of Charles Lamb,' this is a welcome little book. It is a fair collection of anecdotes collected from various sources—the chief one, unacknowledged, being De Quincey's charming essay in his 'Leaders in Literature'—to be read in corroboration, here and there in correction, of the account given in the well-known memoir.

Mr. Fitzgerald, unfortunately, has nothing new to say concerning the earlier and least known portion of Lamb's history. But he brings out some curious facts about Coleridge's correction of his sonnets and the consequent coldness that arose between the friends, and he publishes some interesting verses struck out of his collected works because of their painful reference to the one great misery of his life. Among some well-known stanzas, Lamb had written this:—

Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?
I had a mother, but she died,
Died prematurely on a day of horrors.

He had also said, in touching allusion to the same terrible catastrophe:

Thou should'st have longer lived, and to the grave
Have peacefully gone down in full old age:
Thy children would have tended thy grey hairs:
We might have sat, as we have often done,
By our fireside, and talked whole nights away.
Old times, old friends, and old events recalling,
With many a circumstance of trivial note,
To memory dear, and of importance grown,
How shall we tell them in a stranger's ear.

A wayward son, oftentimes I was to thee:
And yet in all our little bickerings,
Domestic jars, there was I know not what
Of tender feeling that were ill exchanged
For this world's chilling friendships, and their smiles

FOURTH SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. I.

Familiar whom the heart calls stranger still.
A heavy lot hath he, most wretched man,
Who lives the last of all his family:
He looks around him, and his eye discerns
The face of the stranger; and his heart is sick.
Man of the world, what canst thou do for him?
Wealth is a burden which he could not bear,
Mirth a strange crime, the which he dares not act;
And generous wines no cordial to his soul.
For wounds like his, Christ is the only cure.
Go, preach thou to him of a world to come,
Where friends shall meet and know each other's face:
Say less than this, and say it to the winds.

Mr. Fitzgerald recalls other and pleasant matters that should not be forgotten. He reminds us how Lamb "delighted in children and in telling them strange, wild stories. A young girl, daughter of a well-known dramatist, was often taken out by him on a day's junketing; and she has told how they never passed a Punch's show, but always stopped and sat on the steps, and saw them all out in succession. Once too—I have heard on the same authority—he saw a group of hungry little faces looking into the window of a pastry-cook's shop. He went in and came out, and distributed cakes all round."

To Talfourd's collection of Lamb's letters Mr. Fitzgerald adds a few. This is the shortest; it was addressed to Cary, the translator of Dante, with whom Lamb and his sister used to dine once a month:

DEAR SIR,

If convenient, will you give us house-room on Sunday next? I can sleep anywhere. If any other Sunday suits you better, pray let me know. We were talking of roast shoulder of mutton and onion sauce. But I scorn to prescribe to the hospitalities of mine host.

This is Mr. Fitzgerald's most important correction of Talfourd:

It is sad to think that Lamb's latter days were not of the calm and pleasant sort described by his friend. A great tenderness and delicacy, or friendly sensitiveness, has kept back from the account of Lamb's history much which concerned the horrid spectre which at-

tended him all through his life. We are led to believe that in time that great and dreadful trouble had been softened for him, and had, as it were, faded out, and that the evening of his days had been calm and tranquil. This, at least, would be the impression, reading his closing days at Edmonton. But it is said, and it is vouched for by good authority, that not long before he died, he and his sister had been placed at Enfield in a house called Bay Cottage, with a woman named Redford, who was accustomed to take charge of deranged persons. It is said that both required restraint, and that the woman of the place treated them with cruelty, often locking up brother and sister together in a closet during some of their fits. There are those who recollect having seen Mary Lamb at a window tearing up a feather-bed and scattering the feathers in the air. Fortunately, friends found out this pitiable state of things, and Charles was removed in time to Edmonton, where he could die in peace.

During that interval his mind seemed to be filled with but one subject — it always reverted to Coleridge; and in the strangest way — even humorously — he would interrupt the conversation with an abrupt exclamation, "So Coleridge is gone!"

On November 21st, five weeks only before he died, he was asked to write something in a friend's album. "When I heard of the death of Coleridge," he wrote, "it was without grief. It seemed to me that he had long been on the confines of the next world — that he had a hunger for eternity. But since I feel how great a part he was of me, his great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. . . . He was my fifty-years' old friend without a dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. *I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he died. . . . What was his mansion, is consecrated to me a chapel.*" A more pathetic chime to a departed friend — especially in the words underlined — was never sounded. He seemed never to recover the blow.

From the *Athenæum*.

The Times, the Telegraph, and other Poems.
By J. Godfrey Saxe. Complete in One Volume, and including (in the Hope of Securing English Copyright) One Note, not by the Editor of the Biglow Papers.

THE publisher of 'Companion Poets' has done well in sending forth the present volume, which contains no passage that

especially concerns the two morning papers pointed at by the title — the *Times* of the collection of verses being an ambitious and not remarkably strong satire on modern society, that was "read before the Boston Mercantile Literary Association, Nov. 14, 1849;" and the *Telegraph* being a comic ballad, written in celebration of Mr. Cyrus Field and the Atlantic Cable. By no means the best pieces in the book, these opening poems will occasion disappointment; and much cannot be said of the editorial taste which has given them such undeserved prominence merely for the sake of a sensational title. This fault, however, is not to be charged on Mr. Saxe, who, as a writer of sparkling and occasionally pungent *vers desociété*, has for many years enjoyed wide popularity in the United States, and ought to meet with similar acceptance in England. His longer and more laborious productions — the two satires in Popean verse — cannot be mentioned as satisfactory efforts in a kind of poetry in which the attempts have been numerous and the successes very few during the last hundred years. Of these two satires, the stronger, and in every respect the better, is entitled 'Progress,' the best lines of which occur at the beginning. The satire opens thus: —

When matrons, seized with oratoric pangs,
Give happy birth to masculine harangues,
And spinsters, trembling for the nation's fate,
Neglect their stockings to preserve the State.

Of the rhyming lawyer's lighter and happier mood favourable illustrations are found in the following satire on a social enemy, known to every man whose time is valuable and whose easy temper exposes him to the persecutions of "bores" —

MY FAMILIAR.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

Again I hear that creaking step! —
He's rapping at the door! —
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes — but never goes!

He drops into my easy-chair,
And asks about the news;
He peers into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views;
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strangest liberties, —
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees —
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay;
On themes like those away he goes —
But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words
Some shallow critic wrote;
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote;
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through!
He says a thousand pleasant things —
But never says "Adieu!"

When'er he comes — that dreadful man —
Disguise it as I may,
I know that, like an Autumn rain,
He'll last throughout the day.
In vain I speak of urgent tasks;
In vain I scowl and pout;
A frown is no extinguisher, —
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crape upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

Another characteristic piece is

A REFLECTIVE RETROSPECT.

'T is twenty years, and something more,
Since, all a thirst for useful knowledge,
I took some draughts of classic lore,
Drawn very mild, at — rd College;
Yet I remember all that one
Could wish to hold in recollection;
The boys, the joys, the noise, the fun;
But not a single conic section.

I recollect those harsh affairs,
The morning bells that gave us panics;
I recollect the formal prayers,
That seemed like lessons in Mechanics;
I recollect the drowsy way
In which the students listened to them,
As clearly, in my wig, to-day,
As when, a boy, I slumbered through them.

I recollect the tutors all
As freshly now, if I may say so,
As any chapter I recall
In Homer or Ovidius Naso,
I recollect, extremely well,
"Old Hugh," the mildest of fanatics;
I well remember Matthew Bell,
But very faintly Mathematics.

I recollect the prizes paid
For lessons fathomed to the bottom;
(Alas that pencil-marks should fade!)
I recollect the chaps who got 'em, —
The light equestrians who soared
O'er every passage reckoned stony;
And took the chalks, — but never scored
A single honour to the pony!

Ah me! — what changes Time has wrought,
And how predictions have miscarried!
A few have reached the goal they sought,
And some are dead, and some are married!
And some in city journals war;
And some as politicians bicker;
And some are pleading at the bar —
For jury-verdicts, or for liquor.

And some on Trade and Commerce wait;
And some in schools with dunce's battle;
And some the Gospel propagate,
And some the choicest breeds of cattle;
And some are living at their ease;
And some were wrecked in "the revulsion;"
Some serve the State for handsome fees,
And one, I hear, upon compulsion!

Lamont, who in his college days,
Thought e'en a cross a moral scandal,
Has left his Puritanic ways,
And worships now with bell and candle.
And Mann, who mourned the negro's fate,
And held the slave as most unlucky,
Now holds him, at the market rate,
On a plantation in Kentucky!

Tom Knox — who swore in such a tone
It fairly might be doubted whether
It really was himself alone,
Or Knor and Erebus together —
Has grown a very altered man.
And, changing oaths for mild entreaty,
Now recommends the Christian plan
To savages in Otaheite!

Alas for young Ambition's vow!
How envious Fate may overthrow it! —
Poor Harvey is in Congress now,
Who struggled long to be a poet;
Smith carves (quite well) memorial stones,
Who tried in vain to make the law go;
Hall deals in hides; and "Pious Jones"
Is dealing faro in Chicago!

And, sadder still, the brilliant Hays,
Once honest, manly, and ambitious,
Has taken latterly, to ways
Extremely profligate and vicious;

By slow degrees — I can't tell how —
He's reached at last the very groundsel,
And in New York he figures now,
A member of the Common Council !

No admirer of Præd will read the fore-
going verses without recalling that poet's
'School and Schoolfellows,' and especially
the lines that run —

Where are my friends ? I am alone :
No playmate shares my beaker ;
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some — before the Speaker ;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo ;
And some draw sword for Liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes
Without the fear of sessions ;
Charles Medlar loathed false quantities
As much as false professions ;
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic,
And Medlar's feet repose unscanned
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
Does Dr. Martext's duty ;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a Beauty ;
And Darrell studies, week by week,
His Mant, and not his Manton ;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
Is very rich at Canton.

Mr. Saxe's imitation of Præd's 'School and Schoolfellows' is the more remarkable, because he makes no mention of the brilliant Etonian when, with an air of scrupulous honesty, he names the writers to whom he is indebted for thoughts or language. Præd, it should moreover be observed, is not the only poet whose music and wit are reproduced by the American imitator, who in turn reminds his English reader of Byron, Barham, and other familiar writers. Sometimes the imitation is obviously meant for the reader's notice ; but in several places it seems to be unintentional on the part of the author.

ENGLISH KNOWLEDGE OF AMERICA. — The surprising ignorance of American affairs, not only on matters of current interest, but of geographical and statistical information, which has been manifested in the most learned English circles, has been, before now, the occasion of much comment. It seems that there is a prospect of light in some dark places. The *London Times* says :

"The Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge has informed the Senate that Henry Yates Thompson, M. A., late scholar of Trinity College, has offered to endow a lectureship for the purpose of having delivered at Cambridge during one term biennially a course of lectures on the history, literature, and institutions of the United States of America. Mr. Thompson proposes that the lectureship should be founded at Harvard College, Cambridge, U. S.; that the lecturer should be appointed biennially by the President and Fellows of Harvard College (subject to the veto in case of the Vice-Chancellor), and that 'his sole qualifications should be American citizenship, and the opinion of his appointers that he is a fit person to deliver such a course of lectures.' If the lectureship is ultimately accepted, Mr. Thompson thinks that the endowment deed should contain a clause giving to either University the power at any time, of its own free will,

to put an end to the lectureship, and providing that in such a case the endowment should revert to the donor or his representatives. But Mr. Thompson suggests that, before the offer is accepted, or deed of endowment is drawn, one preliminary trial of the scheme should be made. The Vice-Chancellor invites the attendance of members of the Senate on Saturday, for the discussion of the above-mentioned subject. Some members seem afraid to accept Mr. Thompson's liberal offer lest the lecture should be merely republican declamations, and others fail to see that it will be of any benefit to Cambridge."

By way, probably, of reassuring those timid souls who are afraid of the influence of "republican declamations," the *Times* proceeds to remark that "those who have any knowledge of Harvard College, which contains probably the most polished society in America — certainly the cream of the men distinguished in science or literature in the United States — will not be likely to feel any such fears. The authorities of Harvard College are certain, for their own sakes, to send a lecturer who will represent them well, and the interchange of ideas with such a man resident here could not fail to be a benefit, even if we had nothing to learn about the history, literature, or institutions of his country."

WILLIAM WHEWELL.

BORN : 1795. DIED : MARCH 6, 1866.

GONE from the rule that was questioned so rarely,
 Gone from the seat where he laid down the law;
 Gaunt, stern and stalwart, with broad brow set squarely
 O'er the fierce eye, and the granite-hewn jaw.

No more the great Court shall see him dividing
 Surpliced crowds thick round the low chapel door:
 No more shall idlers shrink cow'd from his chiding,
 Senate-house cheers sound his honour no more.

Son of the hammer-man: right kin of Thor, he
 Clove his way thorough, right onward, amain;
 Ruled when he'd conquered, was proud of his glory,—
 Sledge-hammer smiter, in body and brain.

Sizar and master, — unhasting, un-esting;
 Each step a triumph, in fair combat won —
 Rivals he faced like a strong swimmer breast-
 ing
 Waves that, once grappled with, terrors
 have none.

Trinity marked him o'er-topping the crowd of
 Heads and Professors, self-centred, alone:
 Rude as his strength was, that strength she was
 proud of,
 Body and mind, she knew all was her own.

"Science his strength, and Omniscience his
 weakness,"
 So *they* said of him, who envied his power:
 Those whom he silenced with more might than
 meekness,
 Carped at his back, in his face fain to cower.

Milder men's graces *might* in him be lacking,
 Still he was honest, kind hearted and brave:
 Never good cause looked in vain for his back-
 ing,
 Fool he ne'er spared, but he never screened
 knave.

England should cherish all lives, from begin-
 ning
 Lowly as his to such honour that rise:
 Lives, of fair running and straightforward win-
 ning,
 Lives, that so winning, may boast of the
 prize.

They that in years passed have chafed at his
 chiding:
 They that in boyish mood strove 'gainst his
 sway,

Boy's hot blood cooled, boys' impatience sub-
 siding,
 Rev'rently think of "the Master" to-day.

Counting his courage, his manhood, his knowl-
 edge,
 Counting the glory he won for us all,
 Cambridge — not only his dearly loved Col-
 lege —
 Mourns his seat empty in chapel and hall.

Lay him down, here — in the dim ante-chapel,
 Where NEWTON's statue looms ghostly and
 white,
 Broad brow set rigid in thought-mast'ring grap-
 ple,
 Eyes that look upwards for light — and more
 light.

So he should rest — not where daisies are grow-
 ing:
 NEWTON beside him, and over his head
 Trinity's full tide of life, ebbing, flowing,
 Morning and evening, as he lies dead.

Sailors sleep best within boom of the billow,
 Soldiers in sound of the shrill trumpet call:
 So his own Chapel his death sleep should pil-
 low,
 Loved in his life-time with love beyond all.

Punch.

PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.

From the little cone of silver foil
 That fizzes and fumes with a fretful fire,
 There oozes a serpent all yellow and ribbed,
 That rolls and thickens, and curls still
 higher.

The magic thing, as if by a spell,
 Suddenly ceases its sluggish crawl;
 Its fiery breath has quite burnt out,
 And leaves a coil of dust — that's all.

The wise man's toy is a type of life;
 And all our struggles for paltry things;
 Our diplomatic treaties and talk,
 Tangled and bound with red-tape strings;

Our spiders' webs, and our subtle plans;
 Our love and joy, and our brittle dreams;
 Our poor ambitions, that fleet away
 Fast as the winter-torrent's streams;

Alexander's conquests, Caesar's spoils;
 All that we hate, and all that we trust;
 The beggar's fears, and the rich man's hopes —
 All end at last in the pinch of dust.

Chambers' Journal.

PART XIII—CHAPTER XLV.

WHEN the first whisper of the way in which she was—as people say—"left," reached Lucilla, her first feeling was incredulity. It was conveyed to her by aunt Jemima, who came to her in her room after the funeral with a face blanched with dismay. Miss Marjoribanks took it for grief; and, though she did not look for so much feeling from Mrs. John, was pleased and comforted that her aunt should really lament her poor papa. It was a compliment which, in the softened and sorrowful state of Lucilla's mind, went to her heart. Aunt Jemima came up and kissed her in a hasty excited way, which showed genuine and spontaneous emotion, and was not like the solemn pomp with which sympathising friends generally embraced a mourner; and then she made Lucilla sit down by the fire and held her hands. "My poor child," said aunt Jemima—"my poor, dear, sacrificed child! you know, Lucilla, how fond I am of you, and you can always come to me—"

"Thank you, dear aunt Jemima," said Miss Marjoribanks, though she was a little puzzled. "You are the only relative I have, and I knew you would not forsake me. What should I do without you at such a time? I am sure it is what dear papa would have wished"—

"Lucilla," cried Mrs. John, impulsively, "I know it is natural you should cry for your father; but when you know all,—you that never knew what it was to be without money—that never were straitened even, or obliged to give up things, like most other young women. Oh, my dear, they said I was to prepare you, but how can I prepare you? I feel as if I never could forgive my brother-in-law; that he should bring you up like this, and then"—

"What is it?" said Miss Marjoribanks, drying her tears. "If it is anything new tell me, but don't speak so of—of—What is it? say it right out."

"Lucilla," said aunt Jemima, solemnly, "you think you have a great deal of courage, and now is your time to show it. He has left you without a farthing—he that was always thought to be so rich. It is quite true what I am saying. He has gone and died and left nothing, Lucilla. Now I have told you; and oh, my poor, dear, injured child," cried Mrs. John, with fervour, "as long as I have a home there will be room in it for you."

But Lucilla put her aunt away softly when she was about to fall upon her neck. Miss Marjoribanks was struck dumb; her

heart seemed to stop beating for the moment. "It is quite impossible—it cannot be true," she said, and gave a gasp to recover her breath. Then Mrs. John came down upon her with facts, proving it to be true—showing how Dr. Marjoribanks's money was invested, and how it had been lost. She made a terrible muddle of it, no doubt, but Lucilla was not very clear about business details any more than her aunt, and she did not move nor say a word while the long, involved, endless narrative went on. She kept saying it was impossible in her heart for half of the time, and then she crept nearer the fire and shivered and said nothing even to herself, and did not even seem to listen, but knew that it must be true. It would be vain to attempt to say that it was not a terrible blow to Lucilla; her strength was weakened already by grief and solitude and want of food, for she could not find it in her heart to go on eating her ordinary meals as if nothing had happened; and all of a sudden she felt the cold seize her, and drew closer and closer to the fire. The thoughts which she had been thinking in spite of herself, and for which she had so greatly condemned herself, went out with a sudden distinctness, as if it had been a lamp going out and leaving the room in darkness, and a sudden sense of utter gloom and cold and bewildering uncertainty came over Lucilla. When she lifted her eyes from the fire, into which she had been gazing, it almost surprised her to find herself still in this warm room where there was every appliance for comfort, and where her entire wardrobe of new mourning—everything, as aunt Jemima said, that a woman could desire—was piled up on the bed. It was impossible that she could be a penniless creature, left on her own resources, without father or supporter or revenue; and yet—good heavens! could it be true?

"If it is true, aunt Jemima," said Lucilla. "I must try to bear it; but my poor head feels all queer. I'd rather not think any more about it to-night."

"How can you help thinking about it, Lucilla?" cried Mrs. John. "I can think of nothing else; and I am not so much concerned as you."

Upon which Lucilla rose and kissed aunt Jemima, though her head was all confused and she had noises in her ears. "I don't think we are much like each other, you know," she said. "Did you hear how Mrs. Chiley was? I am sure she will be very sorry;" and with that Miss Marjoribanks softened and felt a little comforted, and cried again—not for the money, but for her

father. "If you are going down-stairs, I think I will come down to tea, aunt Jemima," she said. But after Mrs. John had gone away full of wonder at her philosophy, Lucilla drew close to the fire again and took her head between her hands and tried to think what it meant. Could it be true? Instead of the heiress, in a good position, who could go abroad or anywhere and do anything she liked, was it possible that she was only a penniless single woman with nobody to look to, and nothing to live on? Such an extraordinary incomprehensible revolution might well make any one feel giddy. The solid house and the comfortable room, and her own sober brain, which was not in the way of being put off its balance, seemed to turn round and round as she looked into the fire. Lucilla was not one to throw the blame upon her father as Mrs. John had done. On the contrary she was sorry, profoundly sorry for him, and made such a picture to herself of what his feelings must have been, when he went into his room that night, and knew that all his hard-earned fortune was gone, that it made her weep the deepest tears for him that she had yet shed. "Poor papa!" she said to herself; and as she was not much given to employing her imagination in this way, and realizing the feeling of others, the effect was all the greater now. If he had but told her, and put off a share of the burden from his own shoulders on to hers who could have borne it! but the Doctor had never done justice to Lucilla's qualities. This, amid her general sense of confusion and dizziness and insecurity, was the only clear thought that struck Miss Marjoribanks; and that it was very cold and must be freezing outside; and how did the poor people manage who had not all her present advantages? She tried to put away this revelation from her, as she had said to aunt Jemima, and keep it for a little at arm's length, and get a night's rest in the mean time, and so be able to bring a clear head to the contemplation of it to-morrow, which was the most judicious thing to do. But when the mind has been stimulated by such a shock, Solomon himself, one would suppose, could scarcely, however clearly he might perceive what was best, take the judicious passive way. When Lucilla got up from where she was crouching before the fire she felt so giddy that she could scarcely stand. Her head was all queer, as she had said, and she had a singing in her ears. She herself seemed to have changed along with her position. An hour or two before, she could have answered for her own steady-

ness and self-possession in almost any circumstances, but now the blood seemed to be running a race in her veins, and the strangest noises hummed in her ears. She felt ashamed of her weakness, but she could not help it; and then she was weak with grief and excitement and comparative fastings which told for something, probably, in her inability to bear so unlooked-for a blow.

But Miss Marjoribanks thought it was best to go down to the drawing-room for tea, as she had said. To see everything just as it had been, utterly indifferent and unconscious of what had happened, made her cry, and relieved her giddiness by reviving her grief; and then the next minute a bewildering wonder seized her as to what would become of this drawing-room, the scene of her triumphs; who would live in it, and whom the things would go to, which made her sick and brought back the singing in her ears. But on the whole she took tea very quietly with aunt Jemima, who kept breaking into continual snatches of lamentation, but was always checked by Lucilla's composed looks. If she had not heard this extraordinary news, which made the world turn round with her, Miss Marjoribanks would have felt that soft hush of exhaustion and grief subdued which, when the grief is not too urgent, comes after all is over; and even now she felt a certain comfort in the warm firelight and the change out of her own room — where she had been living shut up, with the blinds down, and the black dresses everywhere about, for so many dreary days.

John Brown, who had charge of Dr. Marjoribanks's affairs, came next day and explained everything to Lucilla. The lawyer had had one short interview with his client after the news came, and Dr. Marjoribanks had borne it like a man. His face had changed a little, and he had sat down, which he was not in the habit of doing, and drawn a kind of shivering long breath; and then he had said, "Poor Lucilla!" to himself. This was all Mr. Brown could say about the effect the shock had on the Doctor. And there was something in this very scanty information which gave Lucilla a new pang of sorrow and consolation. "And he patted me on the shoulder that last night," she said, with tender tears; and felt she had never loved her father so well in all her life — which is one of the sweeter uses of death which many must have experienced, but which belonged to a more exquisite and penetrating kind of emotion than was common to Lucilla.

"I thought he looked a little broken

when he went out," said Mr. Brown, "but full of pluck and spirit, as he always was. 'I am making a good deal of money, and I may live long enough to lay by a little still,' were the last words he said to me. I remember he put a kind of emphasis on the *may*. Perhaps he knew he was not so strong as he looked. He was a good man, Miss Marjoribanks, and there is nobody that has not some kind thing to tell of him," said the lawyer, with a certain moisture in his eyes; for there was nobody in Carlingford who did not miss the old Doctor, and John Brown was very tenderhearted in his way.

"But nobody can know what a good father he was," said Lucilla, with a sob; and she meant it with all her heart, thinking chiefly of his hand on her shoulder that last night, and of the "Poor Lucilla!" in John Brown's office; though, after all, perhaps it was not chiefly as a tender father that Dr. Marjoribanks shone, though he gave his daughter all she wanted or asked for. Her grief was so true, and so little tinged by any of that indignation over the unexpected loss, which aunt Jemima had not been able to conceal, that John Brown was quite touched, and felt his heart warm to Lucilla. He explained it all very fully to her when she was composed enough to understand him; and as he went through all the details the giddiness came back, and once more Miss Marjoribanks felt the world running round, and heard his statement through the noises in her ears. All this settled down, however, into a certain distinctness as John Brown, who was very clear-headed and good at making a concise statement, went on; and gradually the gyrations became slower and slower, and the great universe became solid once more, and held to its moorings under Lucilla's feet, and she ceased to hear that supernatural hum and buzz. The vague shadows of chaos and ruin dispersed, and through them she saw once more the real aspect of things. She was not quite penniless. There was the house, which was a very good house, and some little corners and scraps of money in the funds, which were Lucilla's very own, and could not be lost; and last of all there was the business—the best practice in Carlingford, and entire command of Grange Lane.

"But what does that matter?" said Lucilla; "if poor papa had retired indeed, as I used to beg him to do, and parted with it—But everybody has begun to send for Dr. Rider already," she said, in an aggrieved voice; and then for the first time John Brown remembered, to his confusion, that

there was once said to be "something between" Miss Marjoribanks and Dr. Rider; which complicated the affair in the most uncomfortable way.

"Yes," he said, "and of course that would make it much more difficult to bring in another man; but Rider is a very honourable young fellow, Miss Marjoribanks"—

"He is not so very young," said Lucilla. "He is quite as old as I am, though no one ever would think so. I am sure he is honourable, but what has that to do with it? And I do think Mrs. Chiley might have done without—anybody else: for a day or two, considering when it was"—

And here she stopped to cry, unreasonably, but yet very naturally; for it did feel hard that in the house to which Dr. Marjoribanks's last visit had been paid, another doctor should have been called in next day.

"What I meant to say," said John Brown, "was, that Dr. Rider, though he is not rich, and could not pay a large sum of money down, would be very glad to make some arrangement. He is very anxious about it, and he seemed himself to think that if you knew his circumstances you would not be disinclined to—But as I did not at all know"—

Lucilla caught, as it were, and met, and forced to face her, her informant's embarrassed, hesitating look. "You say this," said Miss Marjoribanks, "because people used to say there was something between us, and you think I may have some feeling about it. But there never was anything between us. Anybody with a quarter of an eye could have seen that he was going out of his senses about that little Australian girl. And I am rather fond of men that are in love—it shows they have some good in them. But it is dreadful to talk of such things now," said Lucilla, with a sigh of self-reproach. "If Dr. Rider has any arrangement to propose, I should like to give him the preference, please. You see they have begun to send for him already in Grange Lane."

"I will do whatever you think proper," said John Brown, who was rather scared, and very much impressed by Miss Marjoribanks's candour. Dr. Rider had been the first love of Mr. Brown's own wife, and the lawyer had a curious kind of satisfaction in thinking that this silly young fellow had thus lost two admirable women, and that probably the little Australian was equally inferior to Miss Marjoribanks and Mrs. Brown. He ought to have been grateful that Dr. Rider had left the latter lady to his own superior discrimination—and so he

was; and yet it gave him a certain odd satisfaction to think that the Doctor was not so happy as he might have been. He went away fully warranted to receive Dr. Rider's proposition, and even, to a certain extent, to decide upon it—and Lucilla threw herself back in her chair in the silent drawing-room, from which Aunt Jemima had discreetly withdrawn, and began to think over the reality of her position as she now saw it for the first time.

The sense of bewildering revolution and change was over; for, strangely enough, the greater a change is the more easily the mind, after the first shock, accepts and gets accustomed to it. It was over, and the world felt steady once more under Lucilla's feet, and she sat down, not precisely amid the ruins of her happiness, but still in the presence of many an imagination overthrown to look at her real position. It was not, after all, utter poverty, misery, and destitution, as at the first glance she had believed. According to what John Brown had said, and a rapid calculation which Lucilla had herself made in passing, something approaching two hundred a-year would be left to her—just a small single woman's revenue, as she thought to herself. Two hundred a-year! All at once there came into Miss Marjoribanks's mind a sudden vision of the two Miss Ravenswoods, who had lived in that pretty set of rooms over Elsworthy's shop, facing into Grange Lane, and who had kept a lady's maid, and asked the best people in the place to tea, upon a very similar income, and how their achievements had been held up to everybody as a model of what genteel economy could do. She thought of them, and her heart sank within her; for it was not in Lucilla's nature to live without a sphere, nor to disjoin herself from her fellow-creatures, nor to give up entirely the sovereign position she had held for so many years. Whatever she might ultimately do, it was clear that, in the mean time, she could not make up her mind to any such giving up of the battle as that. And then there was the house. She might let it to the Riders, and add probably another hundred a-year to her income; for though it was an excellent house, and worth more than a hundred a-year, still there was no competition for houses in Grange Lane, and the new Doctor was the only probable tenant. And, to tell the truth, though Lucilla was very reasonable, it went to her heart at the present moment to think of letting the house to the new Doctor, and having the patients come as usual, and the lamp lighted as of old, and nothing changed except

the central figure of all. She ought to have been above such sentimental ideas when a whole hundred pounds a-year was in question; but she was not, which of itself was a strange phenomenon. If she could have made up her mind to that, there were a great many things that she might have done. She might still have gone abroad, and to some extent taken a limited share in what was going on in some section of English society on the Continent. Or she might have gone to one of the mild centres of a similar kind of life in England. But such a prospect did not offer many attractions to Miss Marjoribanks. If she had been rich, it would have been different. Thus there gradually dawned upon her the germ of the plan she ultimately adopted, and which was the only one that commended itself to her feelings. Going away was expensive and troublesome at the best; and even at Elsworthy's if she could have made up her mind to such an expedient, she would have been charged a pound a-week for the rooms alone, not to speak of all kinds of extras, and never having the satisfaction of feeling yourself in your own place. Under all the circumstances, it was impressed upon Lucilla's mind that her natural course was to stay still where she was, and make no change. Why should she make any change? The house was her own, and did not cost anything, and if Nancy would but stand by her and one good maid—it was a venture; but still Lucilla felt as if she might be equal to it. Though she was no mathematician, Miss Marjoribanks was very clever at mental arithmetic in a practical sort of way. She put down lines upon lines of figures in her head while she sat musing in her chair, and worked them out with wonderful skill and speed and accuracy. And the more she thought of it, the more it seemed to her that this was the thing to do. Why should she retreat and leave her native soil and the neighbourhood of all her friends because she was poor and in trouble? Lucilla was not ashamed of being poor—nor even frightened by it, now that she understood what it was—any more than she would have been frightened, after the first shock, had her poverty even been much more absolute. She was standing alone at this moment as upon a little island of as yet undisturbed seclusion and calm, and she knew very well that outside a perfect sea of good advice would surge round her as soon as she was visible. In these circumstances Lucilla took by instinct the only wise course: she made up her mind there and

then with a perfect unanimity which is seldom to be gained when counsellors are admitted. And what she decided upon, as was to be expected from her character, was not to fly from her misfortune and the scene of it, but to confront fate and take up her lawful burden and stay still in her own house. It was the wisest and the easiest, and at the same time the most heroic course to adopt, and she knew beforehand that it was one which would be approved of by nobody. All this Lucilla steadily faced and considered and made up her mind to while she sat alone; although silence and solitude and desolation seemed to have suddenly come in and taken possession all around her of the once gay and brilliant room.

She had just made her final decision when she was rejoined by her aunt, who, everybody said, was at this trying moment like a mother to Lucilla. Yet aunt Jemima, too, had changed a little since her brother-in-law's death. She was very fond of Miss Marjoribanks, and meant every word she had said about giving her a home, and still meant it. But she did not feel so certain now as she had done about Tom's love for his cousin, nor at all anxious to have him come home just at this moment; and for another thing, she had got a way of prowling about the house and looking at the furniture in a speculative, auctioneering sort of way. "It must be all sold, of course," aunt Jemima had said to herself, "and I may as well look what things would suit me; there is a little chiffonier that I have always wanted for my drawing-room, and Lucilla would like to see a few of the old things about her, poor dear." With this idea Mrs. John gave herself a great deal of unnecessary fatigue, and gave much offence to the servants by making pilgrimages all over the house, turning up at the most unlikely places and poking about in the least frequented rooms. It was a perfectly virtuous and even amiable thing to do, for it was better, as she reasoned, that they should go to her than to a stranger, and it would be nice for Lucilla to feel that she had some of the old things about her; but then such delicate motives are seldom appreciated by the homely critics down-stairs.

It was with something of this same air that she came into the drawing-room, where Lucilla was. She could not help laying her hand in a suggestive sort of way on a small table which she had to pass, as if she were saying to herself (as indeed she was saying), the "veneer has been broken off at that side, and the foot is mended; it will

bring very little; and yet it looks well when you don't look too close." Such were the ideas with which aunt Jemima's mind was filled. But yet she came forward with a great deal of sympathy and curiosity, and forgot about the furniture in presence of her afflicted niece.

"Did he tell you anything, Lucilla?" said Mrs. John; "of course he must have told you something — but anything satisfactory, I mean."

"I don't know if you can call it satisfactory," said Lucilla, with a sudden rush of softer thoughts; "but it was a comfort to hear it. He told me something about dear papa, aunt Jemima. After he had heard of *that*, you know — all that he said was, Poor Lucilla! And don't you remember how he put his hand on my shoulder that last night? I am so — so — glad he did it," sobbed Miss Marjoribanks. It may be supposed it was an abrupt transition from her calculations; but after all it was only a different branch of the same subject; and Lucilla in all her life had never before shed such poignant and tender tears.

"He might well say, Poor Lucilla!" said Mrs. John — "brought up as you have been, my dear; and did not you hear anything more important? — I mean, more important in a worldly point of view," aunt Jemima added, correcting herself; "of course, it must be the greatest comfort to hear something about your poor papa."

And then Lucilla unfolded John Brown's further particulars to her surprised hearer. Mrs. John lived upon a smallish income herself, and she was not so contemptuous of the two hundred a-year. "And the house," she said — "the house would bring you in another hundred, Lucilla. The Riders, I am sure, would take it directly, and perhaps a great part of the furniture too. Three hundred would not be so bad for a single woman. Did you say anything about the furniture, my dear?" aunt Jemima added, half regretfully, for she did feel that she would be sorry to lose that chiffonier."

"I think I shall stay in the house," said Lucilla; "you may think it silly, aunt Jemima, but I was born in it, and" —

"Stay in the house!" Mrs. John said with a gasp. She did not think it silly, but simple madness, and so she told her niece. If Lucilla could not make up her mind to Elsworth's, there was Brighton and Bath and Cheltenham, and a hundred other places where a single woman might be very comfortable on three hundred a-year. And to lose a third part of her income for a piece of sentiment was so utterly unlike any con-

ception aunt Jemima had ever formed of her niece. It was unlike Miss Marjoribanks; but there are times of life when even the most reasonable people are inconsistent. Lucilla, though she felt it was open to grave criticism, felt only more confirmed in her resolution by her aunt's remarks. She heard a voice aunt Jemima could not hear, and that voice said, Stay!

CHAPTER XLVI.

It must be allowed that Lucilla's decision caused very general surprise in Carlingford, where people had been disposed to think that she would be rather glad, now that things were so changed, to get away. To be sure it was not known for some time; but everybody's idea was that, being thus left alone in the world, and in circumstances so reduced, Miss Marjoribanks naturally would go to live with somebody. Perhaps with her aunt, who had something, though she was not rich; perhaps, after a little, to visit about among her friends, of whom she had so many. Nobody doubted that Lucilla would abdicate at once, and a certain uneasy, yet delicious, sense of freedom had already stolen into the hearts of some of the ladies in Grange Lane. They lamented, it is true, the state of chaos into which everything would fall, and the dreadful loss Miss Marjoribanks would be to society; but still, freedom is a noble thing, and Lucilla's subjects contemplated their emancipation with a certain guilty delight. It was, at the same time, a most fertile subject of discussion in Carlingford, and gave rise to all those lively speculations and consultations, and oft-renewed comparing of notes, which take the place of bets in the feminine community. The Carlingford ladies as good as betted upon Lucilla, whether she would go with her aunt, or pay Mrs. Beverley a visit at the Deanery, or retire to Mount Pleasant for a little, where those good old Miss Blunts were so fond of her. Each of these opinions had its backers, if it is not profane to say so; and the discussion which of them Miss Marjoribanks would choose waxed very warm. It almost put the election out of people's heads; and indeed the election had been sadly damaged in interest and social importance by the sad and most unexpected event which had just happened in Grange Lane.

But when the fact was really known, it would be difficult to describe the sense of guilt and horror which filled many innocent bosoms. The bound of freedom had been

premature — liberty and equality had not come yet, notwithstanding that too early unwise élan of republican satisfaction. It was true that she was in deep mourning, and that for a year, at least, society must be left to its own devices; and it was true, also, that she was poor — which might naturally be supposed a damper upon her energies — but, at the same time, Carlingford knew its Lucilla. As long as she remained in Grange Lane, even though retired and in crape, the constitutional monarch was still present among her subjects; and nobody could usurp her place or show that utter indifference to her regulations which some revolutionaries had dreamed of. Such an idea would have gone direct in the face of the British Constitution, and the sense of the community would have been dead against it. But everybody who had speculated upon her proceedings disapproved of Lucilla in her most unlooked-for resolution. Some could not think how she could bear it, staying on there when everything was so changed; and some said it was a weakness they could never have believed to exist in her; and some — for there are spiteful people everywhere — breathed the names of Cavendish and Ashburton, the rival candidates, and hinted that Miss Marjoribanks had something in her mind to justify her lingering. If Lucilla had not been supported by a conscious sense of rectitude, she must have broken down before this universal disapprobation. Not a soul in the world except one supported her in her resolution, and that was perhaps, of all others, the one least likely to be able to judge.

And it was, not for want of opportunity to go elsewhere. Aunt Jemima, as has been seen, did not lose an instant in offering the shelter of her house to her niece; and Mrs. Beverley wrote the longest, kindest, most incoherent letter begging her dear Lucilla to come to her immediately for a long visit; and adding, that though she had to go out a good deal into society, she needn't mind, for that everything she could think of would be done to make her comfortable; to which Dr. Beverley himself, who was now a dean, added an equally kind postscript, begging Miss Marjoribanks to make her home at the Deanery "until she saw how things were to be." "He would have found me a place, perhaps," Lucilla said, when she folded up the letter — and this was a terrible mode of expression to the genteel ears of Mrs. John.

"I wish you would not use such words, my dear," said Aunt Jemima; "even if you had been as poor as you thought, my

house would always have been a home for you. Thank heaven I have enough for both; you never needed to have thought, under any circumstances, of taking a—a situation. It is a thing I could never have consented to,”—which was a very handsome thing of aunt Jemima to say.

“Thank you, aunt, said Lucilla,” but she sighed; for, though it was very kind, what was Miss Marjoribanks to have done with herself in such a dowager establishment? And then Colonel Chiley came in, who had also his proposal to make.

“*She sent me,*” the Colonel said; “it’s been a sad business for us all, Lucilla; I don’t know when I have felt anything more; and, as for her, you know she has never held up her head since” —

“Dear Mrs. Chiley!” Miss Marjoribanks said, unable to resist the old affection; “and yet I heard she had sent for Dr. Rider directly,” Lucilla added. She knew it was quite natural, and perhaps quite necessary, but then it did seem hard that his own friends should be the first to replace her dear papa.

“It was I did that,” said the Colonel. “What was a man to do? I was horribly cut up, but I could not stand and see her making herself worse; and I said, you had too much sense to mind” —

“So I ought,” said Lucilla, with penitence, “but when I remembered where he was last, the very last place” —

It was hard upon the Colonel to stand by and see a woman cry. It was a thing he could never stand, as he had always said to his wife. He took the poker, which was his favourite resource, and made one of his tremendous dashes at the fire, to give Lucilla time to recover herself, and then he turned to Aunt Jemima, who sat pensively by—

“*She sent me,*” said the Colonel, who did not think his wife needed any other name — “not that I would not have come of my own accord—we want Lucilla to go to us, you see. I don’t know what plans she may have been making, but we’re both very fond of her—she knows that. I think, if you have not settled upon anything, the best that Lucilla can do is to come to us. She’ll be the same as at home, and always somebody to look after her” —

The old Colonel was standing before the fire, wavering a little on his long unsteady old legs, and looking wonderfully well preserved, and old and feeble; and Lucilla, though she was in mourning, was so full of life and force in her way. It was a curious sort of protection to offer her, and yet it was real protection, and love and succour,

though, heaven knows! it might not perhaps last out the year.

“I am sure, Colonel Chiley, it is a very kind offer,” said aunt Jemima, “and I would have been thankful if she could have made up her mind to go with me. But I must say she has taken a very queer notion into her head—a thing I should never have expected from Lucilla—she says she will stay here.”

“Here?—ah—eh—what does she mean by here?” said the Colonel.

“*Here,* Colonel Chiley, in this great big melancholy house. I have been thinking about it, and talking about it till my head goes round and round. Unless she were to take Inmates,” said Aunt Jemima, in a resigned and doleful voice. As for the Colonel he was petrified, and for a long time had not a word to say.

“*Here!*—by Jove, I think she must have lost her senses,” said the old soldier. “Why, Lucilla, I—I thought—wasn’t there something about the money being lost? You couldn’t keep up this house under a—fifteen hundred a-year at least; the Doctor spent a mint of money;—you must be going out of your senses. And to have all the sick people coming, and the bell-ringing of nights. Bless my soul! it would kill anybody,” said Colonel Chiley. “Put on your bonnet, and come out with me; shutting her up here, and letting her cry, and so forth—I don’t say it ain’t natural—I’m terribly cut up myself whenever I think of it; but it’s been too much for her head,” said the Colonel, with anxiety and consternation mingling in his face.

“Unless she were to take Inmates, you know,” said aunt Jemima, in a sepulchral voice. There was something in the word that seemed to carry out to a point of reality much beyond anything he had dreamt of, the suggestion Colonel Chiley had just made.

“Inmates! Lord bless my soul! what do you mean, ma’am?” said the old soldier. “Lucilla, put on your bonnet directly, and come and have a little fresh air. She’ll soon be an inmate herself if we leave her here,” the Colonel said. They were all very sad and grave, and yet it was a droll scene; and then the old hero offered Lucilla his arm, and led her to the door. “You’ll find me in the hall as soon as you are ready,” he said, in tones half gruff, half tender, and was glad to go down-stairs, though it was cold, and put on his greatcoat with the aid of Thomas, and stand warming the tips of his boots at the hall fire. As for Lucilla, she obeyed him without a word;

and it was with his unsteady but kind old arm to lean upon that she first saw how the familiar world looked through the mist of this strange change that had come over it, and through the blackness of her crape veil.

But though she succeeded in satisfying her friends that she had made up her mind, she did not secure their approval. There were so many objections to her plan. "If you had been rich even, I don't think I should have approved of it, Lucilla," Mrs. Chiley said, with tears; "and I think we could have made you happy here." So the good old lady spoke, looking round her pretty room, which was so warm and cheery and bright, and where the Colonel, neat and precise as if he had come out of a box, was standing poking the fire. It looked all very solid and substantial, and yet it was as unstable as any gossamer that the careless passenger might brush away. The two good people were so old, that they had forgotten to remember they were old. But neither did Lucilla think of that. This was really what she thought and partly said —

"I am in my own house, that wants no expense nor changing, and Nancy is getting old, and does not mind standing by me. And it is not so much trouble after all keeping every thing nice when there is no gentleman coming in, and nothing else to do. And, besides, I don't mean to be Lucilla Marjoribanks for ever and ever." This was the general scope, without going into all the details, of what Lucilla said.

But, at the same time, though she was so happy as not to be disturbed in her decision, or made uncomfortable, either by lamentation or remonstrance, and had no doubt in her mind that she was doing right, it was disagreeable to Miss Marjoribanks to go thus in the face of all her friends. She went home by herself, and the house did look dreary from the outside. It was just as it had always been, for none of the servants were dismissed as yet, nor any external change made; but still a look as if it had fallen asleep — a look as if it too had died somehow, and only pretended to be a house and home — was apparent, in the aspect of the place; and when the servants were gone, and nobody remained except Lucilla and her faithful Nancy, and a young maid — which must be the furthest limit of Miss Marjoribanks's household, and difficult enough to maintain upon two hundred a-year — what would it look like? This thought was more discouraging than any remonstrances; and it was with a heavy heart that Lucilla re-entered her solitary house. She told

Thomas to follow her up-stairs; and when she sank, tired, into a chair, and put up her veil before commencing to speak to him, it was all she could do to keep from crying. The depressing influences of this sad week had told so much on her, that she was quite fatigued by her walk to see Mrs. Chiley; and Thomas, too, knew why he had been called, and stood in a formal manner before her with his hands crossed, against the closed door. When she put back her thick black veil, the last climax of painful change came upon Miss Marjoribanks. She did not feel as if she were Lucilla; so discouraged and depressed and pale, and tired with her walk as she was, with all sorts of projects and plans so quenched out of her; almost if she had been charged with being somebody else, the imputation was one which she could not have denied.

"Thomas," she said faintly, "I think I ought to speak to you myself about all that has happened — we are such old friends, and you have been such a good kind servant. You know I shan't be able to keep up" —

"And sorry we all was, Miss, to hear it," said Thomas, when Lucilla's utterance failed. "I am sure there never was a better master, though particular; and for a comfortable house" —

"If I had been as poor papa expected to leave me," said Miss Marjoribanks, after a little pause, "everything would have gone on as usual; but after your long service here, and so many people as know you, Thomas, you will have no difficulty in getting as good a place; and you know that anything I can say" —

"Thank you Miss," said Thomas; and then he made a pause. "It was not exactly that as I was thinking of; I've set my heart this many a day on a little business. If you would be so kind as to speak a word for me to the gentlemen as has the licensing. There ain't nobody as knows better how" —

"What kind of a business, Thomas?" said Lucilla, who cheered up a little in ready interest, and would have been very glad if she could have taken a little business too.

"Well, Miss, a kind of a quiet — public-house, if I don't make too bold to name it," said Thomas, with a deprecating air — "not one of them drinking-places, Miss, as, I know, ladies can't abide; but many a man, as is a very decent man, wants his pint o' beer now and again, and their little sort of clubs of a night as well as the gentlefolks; and it's my opinion, Miss, as it's a man's duty to see as that sort of a thing don't go too

far, and yet as his fellow-creatures has their bit of pleasure," said Thomas, who naturally took the defensive side.

"I am sure you are quite right," said Lucilla, cheering up more and more, and instinctively, with her old statesmanlike breadth of view, throwing a rapid glance upon the subject to see what capabilities there might be in it; "and I hope you will try always to exercise a good influence—What is all that noise and shouting out of doors?"

"It's one of the candidates, Miss," said Thomas, "as is addressing of the bargemen at the top o' Prickett's Lane."

"Ah!" said Lucilla; and a deep sigh escaped from her bosom. "But you cannot do anything of that kind, you know, Thomas, without a wife."

"Yes, Miss," said Thomas, with great confusion and embarrassment; "that was just what I was going to say. Me and Betsy!"

"Betsy!" said Lucilla, with dismay; for it had been Betsy she had specially fixed upon as the handy, willing, cheerful maid who, when there was no gentleman coming in, and little else to do, might keep even this big house in order. She sighed; but it was not in her power, even if she had desired it, to put any restriction upon Betsy's wishes. And it was not without a momentary envy that she received the intelligence. It was life the housemaid was about to enter on—active life of her own, with an object and meaning—clogged by Thomas, no doubt, who did not appear to Lucilla as the bright spot in the picture—but still independent life; whereas her mistress knew of nothing particularly interesting in her own uncertain future. She was roused from her momentary meditation by the distant shouts which came from the top of Prickett's Lane, and sighed again, without knowing it, as she spoke.

"It's a pity you had not got your—little inn," said Lucilla, for the sake of euphony, "six months or a year ago, for then you might have voted for Mr. Ashburton, Thomas. I had forgotten about the election until now."

"Not as that needn't stand in the way, Miss," said Thomas, eagerly; "there's Betsy's brother as has it now, and he ain't made up his mind about his vote; and if he knowed as it would be any comfort to you!"

"Of course it will be a comfort to me!" said Miss Marjoribanks; and she got up from her chair with a sense that she was still not altogether useless in the world.

"Go and speak to him directly, Thomas; and here's one of Mr. Ashburton's colours that I made up myself; and tell him that there can be no doubt *he* is the man for Carlingford; and send up Nancy to me. And I hope Betsy and you will be very happy," said Lucilla. She had been dreadfully down, but the rebound was all the more grateful. "I am not done with yet, and, thank heaven! there must always be something to do," she said to herself when she was alone. And she threw off her shawl, and began to make the drawing-room look like itself; not that it was not perfectly in order, and as neat as a room could be; but still the neatness savoured of Betsy, and not of Lucilla. Miss Marjoribanks, in five minutes, made it look like that cosy empire of hospitality and kindness, and talk and wit, and everything pleasant, that it used to be; and then, when she had finished, she sat down and had a good cry, which did not do her any harm.

Then Nancy appeared, disturbed in her preparations for dinner, and with her arms wrapped, in her apron, looking glum and defiant. Hers was not the resigned and resourceful preparation for her fate which had appeared in Thomas. She came in, and put the door ajar, and leant her back against the sharp edge. She might be sent off like the rest, if that was Miss Lucilla's meaning—her that had been in the house off and on for more than thirty years; but if it was so, at least she would not give up without unfolding a bit of her mind.

"Come in," said Lucilla, drying her eyes—"come in and shut the door; you had better come and sit down here, Nancy, for I have a great deal to say, and I want to speak to you as a friend."

Nancy shut the door, but she thought to herself that she knew what all this meant, and made but a very little movement into the room, looking more forbidding than ever. "Thank you all the same, Miss Lucilla, but I ain't too old to stand," she said; and stood firm to meet the shock, with her arms folded under her apron, thinking in her heart that it was about one of the almshouses, her horror and hope, that her young mistress was going to speak.

"Nancy," said Lucilla, "I want to tell you what I am going to do. I have to make up my mind for myself now. They all go against me, and one says I should do this and another says I should do that; but I don't think anybody knows me so well as you do. Don't stand at the door. I want to consult you as a friend. I want to ask you a question, and you must answer as if

you were before a judge—I have such confidence in *you*."

Nancy's distrust and defiance gave way a little before this appeal. She came a step nearer, and let the apron drop from her folded arms. "What is it, Miss Lucilla?—though I ain't pretending to be one to advise," she said, building a kind of intrenchment round her with the nearest chairs.

"You know how things are changed," said Lucilla, "and that I can't stay here as I used to do. People think I should go and live with somebody; but I think, you know—if I was one of those ladies that have a faithful old servant to stand by them, and never to grumble, nor make a fuss, nor go back on the past, nor go in for expensive dishes—one that wouldn't mind cooking a chop or making a cup of tea, if that was all we could afford—why, I think, Nancy"—

But Nancy could not hear any more. She made a little rush forward, with a kind of convulsive chuckling that was half sobbing and half laughter. "And me here!" cried Dr. Marjoribanks's famous cook, who had spent a fortune on her gravy beef alone, and was one of the most expensive people in Carlingford—"me as has done for you all your days! me as would—if it was but a roast potato!" cried the devoted woman. She was in such a state of hysterical flutter and excitement that Lucilla had to take her almost into her arms and put the old woman into a chair and bring her to, which was an occupation quite in Miss Marjoribanks's way.

"But I shall only have two hundred a-year," said Lucilla. "Now don't be rash; there will have to be a maid to keep things tidy, and that is every farthing I shall have. You used to spend as much in gravy beef," said Miss Marjoribanks with a sigh.

"Oh, Miss Lucilla, let bygones be bygones," said Nancy, with tears. "If I did, it wasn't without many a little something for them as was too poor to buy it for themselves—for I never was one as boiled the senses out of a bit of meat; and when a gentleman is well-to-do, and hasn't got no occasion to count every penny—The Doctor, I will say for him, was never one as asked too many questions. Give him a good dinner on his own table, and he wasn't the gentleman as grugged a bit of broken meat for the poor folks. He did a deal of good as you nor no one never know'd of, Miss Lucilla," said Nancy, with a sob.

And then his daughter and his faithful old servant cried a little in company over

Dr. Marjoribanks's vacant place. What could a man have more? Nobody was made altogether desolate by his death, nor was any heart broken, but they wept for him honestly, though the old woman felt happy in her sorrow. And Lucilla, on her knees before the fire, told Nancy of that exclamation the Doctor had made in John Brown's office, and how he had put his hand on her shoulder that last night. "All he said was, Poor Lucilla!" sobbed Miss Marjoribanks; "he never thought of himself nor all his money that he had worked so hard for;" and once more that touch of something more exquisite than was usual to her went sharply down into Lucilla's heart and brought up tenderer and deeper tears.

She felt all the better for it after, and was even a little cheerful in the evening, and like herself; and thus it will be seen that one person in Carlingford—not, it is true, a popular oracle, but of powerful influence and first-rate importance in a practical point of view—gave the heartiest approbation to Miss Marjoribanks's scheme for her new life.

CHAPTER XLVII.

LUCILLA's calculations were fully justified by the result. Twenty times in a day she recognised the wisdom of her own early decision, which was made while she was still by herself, and before anybody had come in to advise her. If she had left it over until the time when, though much shaken, she was understood to be able to see her friends, it is just possible that the whirlwind of popular opinion which raged about her might have exercised a distracting influence even upon Miss Marjoribanks's clear head and steady judgment. For even now, though they saw her in her own house, in her mourning, people would not believe that it was true, and that Lucilla actually intended to make "no change;" and all that tide of good advice which had been flowing through Carlingford ever since the Doctor's death in the form of opinion, now rushed in upon her, notwithstanding that all the world knew that she had made up her mind. "Everybody says you are going to stay on, but we do hope it is not true, Lucilla," her friends said, in many voices. "It is dreadful for us to lose you, but you never *could* bear it, dear." And this was repeated so often that if Miss Marjoribanks had been weak-minded, she must have ended by believing not only that it was more than she was equal

to, but more than she ought to be equal to—which was a more touching argument still.

"You are excited now," Miss Brown said, who had a great deal of experience in family troubles; "one always is at such a time; but when things have settled down in their ordinary way, then you will find it is more than you can bear. I think it is always best to make a change. If you were to travel a little, you know"—

"But, my dear, I am poor," said Lucilla.

"It doesn't require so much money when you know how to set about it," said her adviser; "and there are so many people who would be glad to have you, Lucilla! And then you might settle a little at Caen or Tours, or some of those nice places, where there is such capital English society, and everything so cheap; or, if you thought your health required it, at Pau or Nice, you know. You are looking quite pale, and I don't think you were ever very strong in the chest, Lucilla; and everything is so different on the Continent—one feels it the moment one crosses the Channel; there is something different in the very air."

"It smells different, I know," said Lucilla, meekly; and then the conversation was interrupted by that afternoon cup of tea, which Nancy could not be got to think was an extravagance, and around which, to tell the truth, the Grange Lane ladies began to resume their habit of gathering—though Miss Marjoribanks, of course, was still quite unequal to society—as in the old times.

"And unless it is for a very short time, Lucilla," Mrs. Centum said, who had joined them, "you never can keep it up, you know. I could not pretend to afford Nancy for my part; and when a cook is extravagant she may promise as faithfully as you please, and make good resolutions, and all that; but when it is in her, Lucilla—I am sure one or two receipts she has given me have been quite ridiculous. You don't like to give in, I know, but you'll be driven to give in; and if she does not get you into debt as well you will be very lucky. I know what it is. With my family, you know, a week of Nancy would make an end of me."

"And the worst of all is," said Lady Richmond, who had driven in expressly to add her mite to the treasure of precious counsel, of which Miss Marjoribanks was making so little use, "that I am sure Lucilla is over-estimating her strength. She will find after that she is not equal to it, you know; all the associations—and the

people coming at night to ask for the Doctor—and—and all that. I know it would kill me."

"Dear Lady Richmond," said Lucilla, making a desperate stand, and setting, as it were, her back against a rock, "don't you think I can bear it best here where you are all so kind to me; and where everybody was so fond of—of *him*? You can't think what a comfort it is to me," said Lucilla, with a sob, "to see all the hatbands upon the gentlemen's hats."

And then there was a pause, for this was an argument against which nobody could find anything to say.

"For my part, I think the only thing she can do is to take inmates," said aunt Jemima. "If I were obliged to leave she would be so very lonely. I have known ladies do it who were in a very good position, and it made no difference; people visited them all the same. She could say, 'In consequence of changes in the family,' or 'A lady who has a larger house than she requires;' which I am sure is quite true. It goes to one's heart to think of all these bedrooms and only one lady to sleep in them all—when so many people are so hampered for want of room. Or she might say, 'For the sake of society;' for, I am sure, if I should have to go away"—

"But I hope you are not going away. It would be so sad for Lucilla to be left alone," said Lady Richmond, who took a serious view of everything, "at such a time."

"Oh, no!" aunt Jemima said, faltering a little; and then a pink blush, which seemed strangely uncalled for in such a mild little tea-party, came over her mature countenance; "but then one can never tell what may happen. I might have other duties—my son might make a call upon my time. Not that I know of anything at present," she added, hurriedly, "but I never can bind myself on account of Tom"—

And then she caught Lucilla's eye, and grew more confused than ever. What could she have to be confused about? If Tom did make a call upon her time, whatever that might mean, there was nothing in it to call a blush upon his mother's face. And the fact was, that a letter had come from Tom a day or two before, of which, contrary to all her usual habits, aunt Jemima had taken no notice to Lucilla. These were things which would have roused Miss Marjoribanks's curiosity if she had been able to think about anything, as she said. But her visitors were taking their cup of tea all the time, in a melancholy, half-sympathetic, half-disapproving way, and they

could not be expected to see anything particularly interesting in aunt Jemima's blush.

And then Rose Lake came in from Grove Street, who was rather an unusual visitor, and whose appearance, though they were all very kind and gracious to her, rather put the others to flight; for nobody had ever quite forgotten or forgiven Barbara's brief entrance into society and flirtation with Mr. Cavendish, which might be said to have been the beginning of all that happened to him in Grange Lane. As for Mrs. Centum, she took her leave directly, and pressed Lucilla's hand, and could not help saying in her ear that she hoped *the other* was not coming back to Carlingford to throw herself in poor Mr. Cavendish's way. "It would do him so much harm," Mrs. Centum said, anxiously; "but oh! I forgot, Lucilla, you are on the other side."

"I am on no side *now*," said Miss Marjoribanks, with plaintive meaning; "and Barbara was as old as I am, you know, and she must have gone off."

"I have no doubt she has gone off," said Mrs. Centum, with righteous indignation. "As old as you, Lucilla! She must be ten years older at least; and such a shocking style of looks — if men were not so infatuated! And you have not gone off at all, my poor dear," she added, with all the warmth of friendship! And then they were joined at the door by the county lady, who was the next to go away.

"My dear, I hope you will be guided for the best," Lady Richmond said as she went away; but she gave a deep sigh as she kissed Lucilla, and looked as if she had very little faith in the efficacy of her own wish. Maria Brown had withdrawn to another part of the drawing-room with aunt Jemima, so that Lucilla was, so to speak, left alone with Rose. And Rose, too, had come with the intention of giving advice.

"I hear you are going to stay, Lucilla," she said, "and I did not think I would be doing my duty if I did not tell you what was in my mind. I can't do any good to anybody, you know; but you who are so clever, and have so much in your power" —

"I am poor now," said Miss Marjoribanks; "and as for being clever, I don't know about that. I never was clever about drawing or Art like you."

"Oh, like me!" said poor little Rose, whose career had been sacrificed ten years ago, and who was a little misanthropical now, and did not believe even in Schools of Design; "I am not so sure about the moral influence of Art as I used to be — except High Art, to be sure; but we never have

any High Art down here. And oh, Lucilla! the poor people *do* want something done for them. If I was as clever as you, with a great house all to myself like this, and well off, and with plenty of influence, and no ties" — said Rose, with energetic emphasis. She made a pause there, and she was so much in earnest that the tears came into her eyes. "I would make it a House of Mercy, Lucilla! I would show all these poor creatures how to live and how to manage, if I was as clever as you; and teach them and their children, and look after them, and be a mother to them!" said Rose; and here she stopped short, altogether overcome by her own magnificent conception of what her friend could or might do.

Aunt Jemima and Miss Brown, who had drawn near out of curiosity, stared at Rose as if they thought she had gone mad; but Lucilla, who was of a larger mind and more enlightened ideas, neither laughed nor looked horrified. She did not make a very distinct answer, it is true, but she was very kind to her new adviser, and made her a fresh cup of tea, and even consented, though in an ambiguous way, to the principle she had just enunciated. "If you won't be affronted, my dear," Lucilla said, "I do not think that Art could do very much in Carlingford; and I am sure any little thing that I may be of use for" — But she did not commit herself any further, and Rose too found the result of her visit unsatisfactory, and went home disappointed in Lucilla. This was how the afternoon passed; and at the end of such a day, it may well be imagined how Miss Marjoribanks congratulated herself on having made up her mind before the public, so to speak, were admitted. For Rose was followed by the Rector, who, though he did not propose in so many words a House of Mercy, made no secret of his conviction that parish-work was the only thing that could be of any service to Lucilla; and that, in short, such was the inevitable and providential destination of a woman who had "no ties." Indeed, to hear Mr. Bury, a stranger would have been disposed to believe that Dr. Marjoribanks had been, as he said, "removed," and his fortune swept away, all in order to indicate to Lucilla the proper sphere for her energies. In the face of all this it will be seen how entirely Miss Marjoribanks's wisdom in making her decision by herself before her advisers broke in upon her, was justified. She could now set her back against her rock, and face her assailants, as Fitz-James did.

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I,"

might have been her utterance; but she was not in a defiant mood. She kissed all her counsellors that day (except, of course, the Rector), and heard them out with the sweetest patience; and then she thought to herself how much better it was that she had made up her mind to take her own way.

Notwithstanding, all this commotion of public opinion about her made a certain impression upon Miss Marjoribanks's mind. It was not unpleasant to feel that, for this moment at least, she was the centre of the thoughts of the community, and that almost everybody in Carlingford had taken the trouble to frame an ideal existence for her, according as he or she regarded life. It is so seldom that any one has it in his power, consciously and evidently, to regulate his life for himself, and make it whatever he wants it to be. And then, at the same time, the best that she could make of it would, after all, be something very limited and unsatisfactory. In her musings on this subject, Lucilla could not but go back a great many times to that last conversation she had with her father, when she walked up Grange Lane with him that night over the thawed and muddy snow. The Doctor had said she was not cut out for a single woman; and Lucilla, with candour, yet a certain philosophical speculativeness, had allowed that she was not—unless, indeed, she could be very rich. If she had been very rich, the prospect would no doubt have been, to a certain extent, different. And then, oddly enough, it was Rosé Lake's suggestion which came after this to Lucilla's mind. She did not smile at it as some people might expect she would. One thing was quite sure, that she had no intention of sinking into a nobody, and giving up all power of acting upon her fellow-creatures; and she could not help being conscious of the fact that she was able to be of much use to her fellow-creatures. If it had been Maria Brown, for instance, who had been concerned, the whole question would have been one of utter unimportance, except to the heroine herself; but it was different in Miss Marjoribanks's case. The House of Mercy was not a thing to be taken into any serious consideration; but still there was something in the idea which Lucilla could not dismiss carelessly as her friends could. She had no vocation, such as the foundress of such an establishment ought to have, nor did she see her way to the abandonment of all projects

for herself, and that utter devotion to the cause of humanity which would be involved in it; but yet, when a woman happens to be full of energy and spirit, and determined that whatever she may be she shall certainly not be a nonentity, her position is one that demands thought. She was very capable of serving her fellow-creatures, and very willing and well disposed to serve them; and yet she was not inclined to give herself up entirely to them, nor to relinquish her personal prospects—vague though these might be. It was a tough problem, and one which might have caused a most unusual disturbance in Lucilla's well-regulated mind, had not she remembered all at once what deep mourning she was in, and that at present no sort of action, either of one kind or another, could be expected of her. There was no need for making a final decision, either about the parish-work, or about taking inmates, as aunt Jemima proposed, or about any other single suggestion which had been offered to her; no more than there was any necessity for asking what her cousin Tom's last letter had been about, or why his mother looked so guilty and embarrassed when she spoke of him. Grief has its privileges and exemptions, like other great principles of life; and the recollection that she could not at present be expected to be able to think about anything, filled Lucilla's mind with the most soothing sense of consolation and refreshing calm.

And then other events occurred to occupy her friends; the election for one thing began to grow a little exciting, and took away some of the superfluous energy of Grange Lane. Mr. Ashburton had carried all before him at first; but since the Rector had come into the field, the balance had changed a little. Mr. Bury was very Low-Church; and from the moment at which he was persuaded that Mr. Cavendish was a great penitent, the question as to which was the Man for Carlingford had been solved in his mind in the most satisfactory way. A man who intrenched himself in mere respectability, and trusted in his own good character, and considered himself to have a clear conscience, and to have done his duty, had no chance against a repentant sinner. Mr. Cavendish, perhaps, had not done his duty quite so well; but then he was penitent, and everything was expressed in that word. The Rector was by no means contemptible, either as an adversary or a supporter—and the worst of it was that, in embracing Mr. Cavendish's claims, he could scarcely help speaking of Mr. Ash-

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burton as if he was in a very bad way. And feeling began to rise rather high in Carlingford. If anything could have deepened the intensity of Miss Marjoribanks's grief, it would have been to know that all this was going on, and that affairs might go badly with her candidate, while she was shut up, and could give no aid. It was hard upon her, and it was hard upon the candidates themselves—one of whom had thus become generally disapproved of, without, so far as he knew, doing anything to deserve it; while the other occupied the still more painful character of being on his promotion—a repentant man, with a character to keep up. It was no wonder that Mrs. Centum grew pale at the very idea of such a creature as Barbara Lake throwing herself in poor Mr. Cavendish's way. A wrong step one way or other—a relapse into the ways of wickedness—might undo in a moment all that it had cost so much trouble to do. And the advantage of the Rector's support was thus grievously counterbalanced by what might be called the uncertainty of it—especially as Mr. Cavendish was not, as his committee lamented secretly among themselves, a man of strong will or business habits, in whom implicit confidence could be placed. He might get restive, and throw the Rector over just at the critical moment; or he might relapse into his lazy Continental habits, and give up church-going and other good practices. But still, up to this moment, he had shown very tolerable perseverance; and Mr. Bury's influence thrown into his scale had equalised matters very much, and made the contest very exciting. All this Lucilla heard, not from Mr. Cavendish, but from her own candidate, who had taken to calling in a steady sort of way. He never went into any effusions of sympathy, for he was not that kind of man; but he would shake hands with her, and say that people must submit to the decrees of Providence; and then he would speak of the election and of his chances. Sometimes Mr. Ashburton was despondent, and then Lucilla cheered him up; and sometimes he had very good hopes.

"I am very glad you are to be here," he said on one of these occasions. "It would have been a great loss to me if you had gone away. I shall never forget our talk about it here *that* day, and how you were the first person that found me out."

"It was not any cleverness of mine," said Lucilla. "It came into my mind all in a moment, like spirit-rapping, you know. It seems so strange to talk of that *now*; there

have been such changes since then—it looks like years."

"Yes," said Mr. Ashburton, in his steady way. "There is nothing that really makes time look so long; but we must all bow to these dispensations, my dear Miss Marjoribanks. I would not speak of the election, but that I thought it might amuse you. The writs are out now, you know, and it takes place on Monday week."

Upon which Miss Marjoribanks smiled upon Mr. Ashburton, and held out her hands to him with a gesture and look which said more than words. "You know you will have *all* my best wishes," she said; and the candidate was much moved—more moved than at such a moment he had thought it possible to be.

"If I succeed, I know whom I shall thank the most," said he fervently; and then, as this was a climax, and it would have been a kind of bathos to plunge into ordinary details after it, Mr. Ashburton got up, still holding Lucilla's hand, and clasped it almost tenderly as he said goodbye. She looked very well in her mourning, though she had not expected to do so; for black was not Lucilla's style. And the fact was, that instead of having gone off, as she herself said, Miss Marjoribanks looked better than ever she did, and was even embellished by the natural tears which still shone by times in her eyes. Mr. Ashburton went out in a kind of bewilderment after this interview, and forgot his overcoat in the hall, and had to come back for it, which was a confusing circumstance; and then he went on his way with a gentle excitement which was not unpleasant. "Would she, I wonder?" he said to himself, as he went up Grange Lane. Perhaps he was only asking himself whether Lucilla would or could be present along with Lady Richmond and her family at the window of the Blue Boar on the great day; but if that was it, the idea had a certain brightening and quickening influence upon his face and his movements. The doubt he had on the subject, whatever it was, was not a discouraging, but a piquant, stimulating, exciting doubt. He had all but proposed the question to his committee when he went in among them, which would have filled these gentlemen with wonder and dismay. But though he did not do that, he carried it home with him, as he trotted back to the Firs to dinner. Mr. Ashburton took a walk through his own house that evening, and examined all its capabilities—with no particular motive, as he was at pains to explain to his housekeeper; and again he said to himself, "Would

she, I wonder?" before he retired for the night; which was no doubt an unusual sort of iteration for so sensible a man, and one so fully occupied with the most important affairs, to make.

As for Lucilla, she was not in the way of asking herself any questions at that moment. She was letting things take their course, and not interfering; and consequently, nothing that happened could be said to be her fault. She carried this principle so far, that even when aunt Jemima was herself led to open the subject, in a hesitating way, Miss Marjoribanks never even asked a single question about Tom's last letter. She was in mourning, and that was enough for her. As for appearing at the window of the Blue Boar with Lady

Richmond, if that was what Mr. Ashburton was curious about, he might have saved himself the trouble of any speculations on the subject. For though Miss Marjoribanks would be very anxious about the election, she would indeed have been ashamed of herself could her feelings have permitted her to appear anywhere in public so soon. Thus, while Mr. Ashburton occupied himself much with the question which had taken possession of his mind, Lucilla took a good book, which seemed the best reading for her in her circumstances, and when she had looked after all her straitened affairs in the morning, sat down sweetly in the afternoon quiet of her retirement and seclusion, and let things take their way.

THE LOVE OF MUSIC.—Whatever lamentations may be pronounced over the decline of the fine arts, there is one art which is at the present day a passion with every nation of Europe. Sculpture may have little real and vital connection with our modern life; our architecture may be grey, and grim, and deathful, or a sterile reproduction of forms which critics instruct us to admire, or for truly modern work, a railway station and a Crystal Palace; our painting may have fallen sadly away from "the grand style" and the glories of "high art;" but the hearts of men are vibrating everywhere to perfect music. And this, as M. Taine remarks, is the genuine language of reverie, and vague emotion, and undefined aspirations, and infinite regret. The last hundred years have not given us a second Phidias, or Raphael, or Shakespeare; but we have had Handel, and Mozart, and Beethoven. We look back to the Middle Ages; and because we find a wonderful palace here, and a bell-tower or a cathedral there, we say they were great days of art. And so they were. But what will future centuries think of the period of art in which "Don Giovanni," "Fidelio," "Elijah," were created? Will the painters of the Renaissance who stood below Raphael and Michael Angelo, or the dramatists of the Elizabethan age who stood below Shakespeare, appear a more illustrious group of artists than Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, Weber, Auber, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Gounod? As unquestionably as sculpture was the supreme art of Greece, architecture of the Middle Ages, and painting of the Renaissance (poetry being common to all), is music the supreme art of the present day. It is that with which we are most in sympathy; it is also the most truly democratic. How much do nine persons out of ten really care for a tinted Venus or a sleeping faun?—What amount of pleasure do they

receive from wandering through a picture gallery? A good deal of fine confused pleasure perhaps, of a kind which allows them to make remarks upon about two hundred paintings per hour. But to obtain any intense delight from painting, such delight as does not suffer one to make a remark, not a little special culture, except in rare instances, must have gone before. Music, if we set aside poetry, is the only art which can at present give delight of great intensity to persons who have received but slight artistic education, or that preparation for artistic enjoyment which comes from the study of nature and literature. The mere recollection of it is a delicious torture; it is not the remembrance of an object perceived by the senses, but the attempt to revive a state into which our whole emotional nature was thrown; and though this state, while actually experienced seems more entirely passive and trance-like than that produced by any of the other arts, music, more powerfully than all the rest, awakens the dormant artistic activities in every man, and, by some mysterious dealings with the soul, makes him involuntarily a reproducer. It may be a gain, or it may be a misfortune, that the master art of the present day should be one so purely sensitive and emotional—one into which, for the listener, so slight an intellectual element enters. But of the fact there can be little question. What may come of this in the future it is not easy to conjecture; but this we know, that the source of a noble development of art is a noble national nature, and that if ever a period comes when clear thought, earnest faith in great things, and vigorous wills, are united in men with a delicate susceptibility, a finer power of sympathy, and a higher culture, our country cannot fail to obtain a freer and more healthful development of art than has yet appeared.—*Contemporary Review.*

From the Saturday Review.

NOVELS FOR FAMILY READING.*

DOCTORS tell us that the prevalent type of disease from which the present generation suffers is quite different from that which afflicted our fathers and grandfathers. Punch and port wine have done their work, and we bear the penalty of past ancestral joviality in the shape of an exaggeration of nervous sensibility and all its attendant miseries. Gout and fevers have gone out, and headaches and dyspepsia have come in. In fact, had not volunteering been invented, and cricketing come to be regarded as a branch of the *literæ humaniores*, there is no saying to what a degree of morbid sensitiveness and incurable indigestion the whole nation might have been by this time reduced. But this is not all the change that is going on. As we are unlike our progenitors in bodily constitution, so must we expect our posterity to be unlike ourselves in the type of their minds. The next generation of Englishmen and Englishwomen will exhibit to the world the unprecedented phenomenon of a people brought up mainly upon novels. Half a century has wrought a development of the theory of fiction-making for the young at which our own worthy fathers and mothers would have stood amazed, if not absolutely aghast. Let any man of fifty or sixty recall the amount of story-reading and *bonâ fide* novel-reading which was permitted to himself when he was a boy, and the change will strike him at once as wonderful. In those days it was universally held that much fiction was a most unwholesome thing for the young mind, and according to the national belief such was the national practice. Very few stories for children were in existence, and those were usually of the most carefully devised and highly proper description. Think only of the names of the books and the writers who were supposed to satisfy all our young aspirations after "the good, the beautiful, and the true." Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Trimmer, Mrs. Barbauld, Lucy Aikin, Mr. Day (the author of *Sandford and Merton*), were our novelists. Exquisitely exciting periodicals like the *Mirror* or the *Bee*, with an occasional *Keepsake* or *Gem*, and, in more indulgent families, a *Gulliver* (unexpurgated), the *Arabian Nights* (unexpurgated), and *Don Quixote* (also unexpurgated), with, of course, *Robinson Crusoe*, and (perhaps) the *Tales of the Genii*, and

Rasselas, and *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*—these constituted the bulk of the books for the young, with which we were perforce contented. Now all is changed. Not only is every bookseller's shop deluged with stories for boys and stories for girls, but periodicals for the young are supplied, with every sort of illustration and at every variety of price. Besides this, the whole national notion as to novel-reading is modified. Unless there is something flagrantly offensive to propriety, and the plot turns upon the infraction of one particular commandment, the real novel, with all its full-blown love-making, is regarded as wholesome reading for girls and boys in almost unlimited quantities. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that, for one book of fiction, of some sort or other, that was read by each girl or boy at the beginning of the century, fifty are now read by each one of our children.

A still more striking and suggestive thing is the position that novels have established for themselves in the various periodicals of what we must call the religious world. The publication of magazines for the propagation of some theological school by the aid of stories and tales is, when one comes to think of it, a phenomenon almost startling, from the rapidity with which it has grown to its present maturity. The ingenuous youth of to-day are to be seduced into the paths of virtue on the high-pressure system which now pervades all English life. The single or two-volume stories of the established religious tale-writer do not come fast enough for the children of a generation that has the *Times* of the day on its breakfast-tables at Brighton, and telegraphs a Queen's Speech to Paris with such haste that it arrives about ten minutes after the last words have been spoken in the House of Lords. A union between piety and periodicalism has become a recognised "means of grace," even among the lowest of Low Churchmen, and the most sabbatarian of Sabbatarians. Non-conformity itself relaxes into a grim smile, the Religious Tract Society provides its Sunday stories, and in the same sheet which offers "words in season," "hints to the unconverted," and "daily texts," the youthful Congregationalist and Baptist learns how to combine flirting and chapel-going on the soundest possible of Scriptural principles. *Good Words*, the periodical from which this story of *Alfred Hagart's Household* has been republished—though the fact is nowhere stated in the republication itself—is in itself a phenomenon. It is the first

* *Alfred Hagart's Household*. By Alexander Smith. London: Alexander Strahan.

distinct attempt of the Broad Church school to make its voice heard in the parsonages and quiet homes of universal Great Britain. Its Broad Churchism, is, of course, of the mildest description. Edited by a shrewd and accomplished Presbyterian minister, it was not to be expected that it would too heedlessly shock the prejudices of the orthodox, whether north or south of the Tweed. Dr. Macleod's chief assistants belong, indeed, to the English Establishment, and this fact alone is sufficient to suggest the tone and principles of the publication. And, in reality, it is by the combination of writers differing widely from one another as to their tastes, habits of thought, and actual dogmatic beliefs, that this singular periodical propagates religious liberalism. The editor and his staff have just attained to that early and half-developed form of Broad Church thought which aims at the creation of charitable views towards antagonists in general. As for the distinct liberalism of Stanley, Jowett, and Colenso, they know it not; and in truth, if they did know it, their periodical could never have seen the light. Nevertheless, it is difficult to conclude that *Good Words* is not playing the part of a pioneer. A household that habitually reads a magazine wherein one clerical writer records the unrivalled influences of Assisi and the Evangelical piety of the founder of the Franciscans, while another tells how he coquetted with Greek priests and Archimandrites in Montenegro, and a third (a Dean) wanders among French churches, combining admiration for their architecture with zeal against Mariolatry—such a household must surely become habituated to the idea that Christianity is something different from a belief in patristic creeds or mediæval hymns or Thirty-nine Articles of British origin. Nobody who is accustomed to see Mr. Charles Kingsley's name associated with those of a host of more orthodox divines can continue to cherish the dear delightful old theory that "the Gospel is the good news of eternal damnation to everybody except one's self," even though Mr. Kingsley himself is more bitter than ever against the fellow-religionists of Dr. Newman, and a Dr. Brown (a Scotch gentleman) denounces Babists, Puseyites, and Rationalists as the legitimate successors of the Pharisees, the Essenes, and the Sadducees of ancient times.

And on just such universalist principles the editor of *Good Words* administers his fiction to his believing readers. Of course he can usher nothing "improper" into the

world. Not a suspicion of bigamy, or of the doings of French actresses, or of runaway marriages, must be detected either in the verse or prose which he stamps with his *imprimatur*. But, short of this, every taste shall be gratified. During the past year he has given to the world two novels as utterly unlike in style, tone, and substance, as it is possible to conceive. If the rational and non-theological novel-reader finds neither of them to his liking, this is not because they are both of them of the kind one would look for in such a quarter. To those who think Mr. Kingsley a master of the craft of story-telling, and are ready to sit at his feet when he teaches history, *Hereward, the Last of the English*, may appear as something less extravagant, noisy, and tedious than we have found it, so far as we have been able to surmount its difficulties. As an historical picture, it appears to be about as accurate as its author's remark that "all true men" love women "with an overwhelming adoration" is profoundly true. *Alfred Hagart's Household* is altogether in a different line. If Mr. Kingsley is truculent, and the talk of his characters fiery and fierce, Mr. Alexander Smith's personages are all of the "goody" kind. His tale is just the description of story that the simple-minded reader would have looked for in a magazine bearing the ominous title of *Good Words*. The plot is imperceptibly small; the reflections are highly appropriate and generally untrue. Mr. Hagart, and Mrs. Hagart, and the young Hagarts, and an old relation, "Miss Kate," and all their friends, acquaintances, and relations in general, whether laudable or the reverse in their conduct, talk that small and smartish talk which is in favour with the imitators of Mr. Dickens. Then, by way of giving life to the tale, the author is perpetually introducing himself, after the way of Thackeray and Mr. Anthony Trollope—a practice disagreeable enough in the hands of a master of the craft, but in Mr. Smith utterly intolerable. It is, however, by his more eloquent outbreaks that Mr. Smith would probably have us judge him. Let us hear him, then, in the person of a gifted youth whose love-making is introduced towards the end of the story, as he strides up and down an "apartment" in his own house, "his mind filled with austere music" in consequence of reading *Samson Agonistes*. "The reading of Milton always humiliates me," he silently observes to himself—

What immeasurable altitude and solitariness of soul! What cruel purity and coldness as

of Alpine snows! Chancer gossips, Spenser dreams, Shakspeare is mobile as flame, now clown, now emperor; now Caliban, now Ariel; at home everywhere, taking his ease in every condition of life—but Milton is never other than himself; he is always autocratic—the haughtiest, scornfullest, stateliest, loneliest of human spirits. He daunts, repels, frightens, yet fascinates. He would sing the song of Paradise, and he left the task to the close of life, when smitten with blindness, pierced with ingratitude, and fallen on evil days and evil tongues—perfectly conscious that he could become immortal whenever he pleased. Gracious Heaven, what a will the blind old man had, making time, infirmity, and sorrow his slaves! Other poets are summer yachts, moving hither and thither on the impulse of the summer wind; Milton is an ocean steamer, with steadfast-pointing needle, plenty of coal on board, and which, relying on internal resources, and careless alike of elemental aids or hindrances, bears straight on its determined way, deviating not a hair's-breadth, come hurricane, come calm. What power, what energy in every thing he does! His lines are like the charging files of Cromwell's Ironsides.

Then the unspoken meditation takes another turn, and the critic asks what he himself is to be considered when compared with Milton, deciding in favour of the view that he is "a spineless caterpillar," "a blown arrow of thistle-down," "a pol-

troon," and "a fool." With this last judicious sentiment we may leave him, assuring the reader who may be disposed to serve *Alfred Hagar's Household* as this young gentleman served *Samson Agonistes*, and dash the book upon the ground, but not in an ecstasy of admiration, that if he will but read on for a few more pages he will learn how to make love in the same eloquent style, and will find Mr. Henry Willoughby calling himself a great many more ugly names, in whose applicability he will cordially agree.

Such are the household novels of *Good Words*. That they will stimulate the prevailing appetite for novel-reading can scarcely be supposed. One is almost tempted to imagine that they are designed with malice prepense to serve the very opposite end. No one can surely ever find that "*P'appetit vient en mangeant*," after feasting on such delicacies as Mr. Kingsley's very peppery stew and Mr. Smith's very watery gruel. Let us hope, in consideration for the mothers and daughters and maiden aunts of England, for whom *Good Words* provides their only literary recreation, that the new story, now commenced by the accomplished author of the *Chronicles of Carlingford*, may prove a pleasanter kind of refecton.

THE CONTRAST.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

I.

Peal after peal that echoed to the hills!
Blast after blast that shook the solid ground!
From morn to night the grimy cannon smote
The tortured ear with quick continuous sound—
And denser hung the battle's sulphurous cloud:
The serried ranks grew thinner as they passed;
And all the while the cannon, bellowing loud,
Shook the dumb earth with each succeeding blast.

II.

Peace dawned at length upon the suffering land
Where, like a shadow, rested War's dark blight—

Peace, like a golden sunrise, where had reigned
For weary months the long and dismal night—
And from the skies the mellow light looked down
On blackened hamlets where the broad plains lay,
Beside the sea where stood the ruined town
That once had smiled across the purple bay.

III.

But now from spires uplifted to the sky,
The cannon's sturdy metal, cast anew
Into sweet bells, rings out on Sabbath morns,
And tranquil Sabbath eves, the whole land through—
Rings out from brazen lips, with voices clear
That float like hymns upon the listening air,
Calling across the dim vales, far and near,
A thankful nation forth to praise and prayer.
U. S. Service Magazine.

From the Transcript.

WHITE AND BLACK CHILDREN IN RICHMOND.

The following is an extract from a letter from Miss Bessie Canedy, teacher of a flourishing school in Richmond, to the Freedmen's and Union Commission in this city.

It will be observed that the column designed for registering the number of whites is still filled only by ciphers, but not because the teacher is unwilling to receive pupils, both of whose parents are of the same dominant race. I have always thought that I would like to see black and white children start together in the race, if for no other reason, to show the world which would run the faster.

My last effort to induce a white child to come into my school was as amusing as it was unsuccessful. A boy living in this neighborhood has for some time been in the habit of coming into the yard and playing with my boys at recess, and walking quietly away when the bell called the school in. The last time he was there, it occurred to me that he might like to come in, if invited; so I asked him if he went to school. "Not now, — used to go to private school before the war; mother can't afford to send me now." "How would you like to come to my school?" "Come to your school! — where?" "Why, here," I replied, "where these boys, whom you were playing with, belong."

Hastily picking up his marbles, with a look calculated to annihilate me, he exclaimed: "I'd have you know I don't put myself on an equal with niggers." "Now stop," said I, "and let us see how foolish that is; you like to come here to play, and these boys like to play with you. Now why not come in and study with them?" And, without giving him time for another thrust at color, I added, "it shall not cost you anything, not even for your books, if you are not able to pay for them." Then you should have seen my haughty Southron! To the insult of asking him to go into a school with "niggers" I had added the injury of supposing him reduced so low as to be willing to accept education without money and without price. "My mother wouldn't let me go to a free school, no how!" "But," said I, "I never went to any but free schools. Don't you

think I could teach you?" "Oh yes, ma'am, I reckon you could, for the Yankees get a right smart of learning in those free schools, somehow." I was almost inclined to forgive him for his contempt of my school, in consideration of his unintentional compliment to Yankee free schools.

Our Lincoln night school continues to attract its two hundred pupils. I wish it were possible to have it photographed for you. The turbaned heads and spectacled faces bent reverently over their primers; the young men earnest and determined that no want of educational qualifications shall long hinder their enfranchisement; the weary washerwoman and cook, hurrying in at a late hour, unrolling their broad white aprons over their soiled dresses; the tired seamstress (I have two in my class with skins just like my own), the joyous groups of boys and girls who are "helping mammy" and so can't go to day-school, but to whom learning to read is just so much fun; and not to be forgotten, though they get no attention there, some three or four dark bundles *asleep* in some dark corner of the church, where they are put for safe keeping while father and mother are learning to read. Oh, it would make just such a picture as I would like to add to the decorations of the White House.

The veto fell with a disheartening, but by no means crushing, effect upon the freed-people. The evening it was announced in the school was one of the saddest I have experienced with them since the death of President Lincoln.

A few evenings before, a nephew of Senator Trumbull had visited the school and on being asked to address them, said he had no speech to make, but would say to them: "Congress is doing all it can for you." This they warmly applauded, pronouncing it the best speech they had heard for a long time. Their faith in the "powers that be," is as astonishing as it is beautiful. How cruel to abuse it.

James, my representative boy, came to me with a doleful face when it was rumored that the "Examiner" was to go on again, to ask if President Johnson *could* revoke General Grant's order. "Oh yes," I replied. After a moment he looked up more hopefully, with the question, "Can't somebody revoke President Johnson?"

I sent him to the Constitution for an answer, but hardly think he found one that satisfied him.

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER. — They call you selfish, Sir, do they? What they mean is, that you decline to sacrifice yourself to themselves.

Everybody does as he pleases, with or without reflection. Well, Sir! A man commonly called selfish differs from those who call him so merely in following his own inclinations under the restraint of intelligence.

The ass and the pig have few wants, and don't care to supply any wants but their own. You may believe some people who tell you they can be content with a little.

Sir, the reason why they object to your love of money is, because it keeps your money from them.

Punch.

CHAPTER IV.

FLORENCE BURTON.

It was now Christmas time at Stratton, or rather Christmas time was near at hand; not the Christmas next after the autumn of Lord Ongar's marriage, but the following Christmas, and Harry Clavering had finished his studies in Mr. Burton's office. He flattered himself that he had not been idle while he was there, and was now about to commence his more advanced stage of pupillage, under the great Mr. Beilby in London, with hopes which were still good, if they were not so magnificent as they once had been. When he first saw Mr. Burton in his office, and beheld the dusty pigeon-holes with dusty papers, and caught the first glimpse of things as they really were in the workshop of that man of business, he had, to say the truth, been disgusted. And Mrs. Burton's early dinner, and Florence Burton's "plain face" and plain ways, had disconcerted him. On that day he had repented of his intention with regard to Stratton; but he had carried out his purpose like a man, and now he had rejoiced greatly that he had done so. He rejoiced greatly, though his hopes were somewhat sobered, and his views of life less grand than they had been. He was to start for Clavering early on the following morning, intending to spend his Christmas at home, and we will see him and listen to him as he bade farewell to one of the members of Mr. Burton's family.

He was sitting in a small back parlour in Mr. Burton's house, and on the table of the room there was burning a single candle. It was a dull, dingy, brown room, furnished with horsehair-covered chairs, an old horsehair sofa, and heavy rusty curtains. I don't know that there was in the room any attempt at ornament, as certainly there was no evidence of wealth. It was now about seven o'clock in the evening, and tea was over in Mrs. Burton's establishment. Harry Clavering had had his tea, and had eaten his hot muffin, at the further side from the fire of the family table, while Florence had poured out the tea, and Mrs. Burton had sat by the fire on one side with a handkerchief over her lap, and Mr. Burton had been comfortable with his arm-chair and his slippers on the other side. When tea was over, Harry had made his parting speech to Mrs. Burton, and that lady had kissed him, and bade God bless him. "I'll see you for a moment before you go, in my of-

fice, Harry," Mr. Burton had said. Then Harry had gone downstairs, and some one else had gone boldly with him, and they two were sitting together in the dingy brown room. After that I need hardly tell my reader what had become of Harry Clavering's perpetual life-enduring heart's misery.

He and Florence were sitting on the old horsehair sofa, and Florence's hand was in his. "My darling," he said, "how am I to live for the next two years?"

"You mean five years, Harry."

"No; I mean two, — that is two, unless I can make the time less. I believe you'd be better pleased to think it was ten."

"Much better pleased to think it was ten than to have no such hope at all. Of course we shall see each other. It's not as though you were going to New Zealand."

"I almost wish I were. One would agree then as to the necessity of this cursed delay."

"Harry, Harry!"

"It is accursed. The prudence of the world in these latter days seems to me to be more abominable than all its other iniquities."

"But, Harry, we should have no income."

"Income is a word that I hate."

"Now you are getting on to your high horse, and you know I always go out of the way when you begin to prance on that beast. As for me, I don't want to leave papa's house where I'm sure of my bread and butter, till I'm sure of it in another."

"You say that, Florence, on purpose to torment me."

"Dear Harry, do you think I want to torment you on your last night? The truth is, I love you so well that I can afford to be patient for you."

"I hate patience, and always did. Patience is one of the worst vices I know. It's almost as bad as humility. You'll tell me you're 'umble next. If you'll only add that you're contented, you'll describe yourself as one of the lowest of God's creatures."

"I don't know about being 'umble, but I am contented. Are not you contented with me, sir?"

"No, — because you're not in a hurry to be married."

"What a goose you are." Do you know I'm not sure that if you really love a person, and are quite confident about him, — as I am of you, — that having to look forward to being married is not the best part of it all. I suppose you'll like to get my let-

ters now, but I don't know that you'll care for them much when we've been man and wife for ten years."

"But one can't live upon letters."

"I shall expect you to live upon mine, and to grow fat on them. There;—I heard papa's step on the stairs. He said you were to go to him. Good-by, Harry;—dearest Harry! What a blessed wind it was that blew you here."

"Stop a moment;—about your getting to Clavering. I shall come for you on Easter-eve."

"Oh, no;—why should you have so much trouble and expense?"

"I tell you I shall come for you,—unless, indeed, you decline to travel with me."

"It will be so nice! And then I shall be sure to have you with me the first moment I see them. I shall think it very awful when I first meet your father."

"He's the most good-natured man, I should say, in England."

"But he'll think me so plain. You did at first, you know. But he won't be uncivil enough to tell me so, as you did. And Mary is to be married in Easter week? Oh, dear, oh, dear; I shall be so shy among them all."

"You shy! I never saw you shy in my life. I don't suppose you were ever really put out yet."

"But I must really put you out, because papa is waiting for you. Dear, dear, dearest Harry. Though I am so patient I shall count the hours till you come for me. Dearest Harry!" Then she bore with him, as he pressed her close to his bosom, and kissed her lips, and her forehead, and her glossy hair. When he was gone she sat down alone for a few minutes on the old sofa, and hugged herself in her happiness. What a happy wind that had been which had blown such a lover as that for her to Stratton!

"I think he's a good young man," said Mrs. Burton, as soon as she was left with her old husband upstairs.

"Yes, he's a good young man. He means very well."

"But he is not idle; is he?"

"No—no; he's not idle. And he's very clever;—too clever, I'm afraid. But I think he'll do well, though it may take him some time to settle."

"It seems so natural his taking to Flo; doesn't it? They've all taken one when they went away, and they've all done very well. Deary me; how sad the house will be when Flo has gone."

"Yes,—it'll make a difference that way.

But what then? I wouldn't wish to keep one of 'em at home for that reason."

"No, indeed. I think I'd feel ashamed of myself to have a daughter not married, or not in the way to be married afore she's thirty. I couldn't bear to think that no young man should take a fancy to a girl of mine. But Flo's not twenty yet, and Carry, who was the oldest to go, wasn't four-and-twenty when Scarness took her." Thereupon the old lady put her handkerchief to the corner of her eyes, and wept gently.

"Flo isn't gone yet," said Mr. Burton.

"But I hope, B., it's not to be a long engagement. I don't like long engagements. It ain't good,—not for the girl; it ain't, indeed."

"We were engaged for seven years."

"People weren't so much in a hurry then at anything; but I ain't sure it was very good for me. And though we weren't just married, we were living next door and saw each other. What'll come to Flo if she's to be here and he's to be up in London, pleasuring himself?"

"Flo must bear it as other girls do," said the father, as he got up from his chair.

"I think he's a good young man; I think he is," said the mother. "But don't stand out for too much for 'em to begin upon. What matters? Sure if they were to be a little short you could help 'em." To such a suggestion as this Mr. Burton thought it as well to make no answer, but with ponderous steps descended to his office.

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Burton, "so you're to be off in the morning?"

"Yes, sir; I shall breakfast at home to-morrow."

"Ah,—when I was your age I always used to make an early start. Three hours before breakfast never does any hurt. But it shouldn't be more than that. The wind gets into the stomach." Harry had no remark to make on this, and waited, therefore, till Mr. Burton went on. "And you'll be up in London by the 10th of next month?"

"Yes, sir; I intend to be at Mr. Beilby's office on the 11th."

"That's right. Never lose a day. In losing a day now, you don't lose what you might earn now in a day, but what you might be earning when you're at your best. A young man should always remember that. You can't dispense with a round in the ladder going up. You only make your time at the top so much the shorter."

"I hope you'll find that I'm all right, sir. I don't mean to be idle."

"Pray don't. Of course, you know, I speak to you very differently from what I should do if you were simply going away from my office. What I shall have to give Florence will be very little,—that is, comparatively little. She shall have a hundred a year, when she marries, till I die; and after my death and her mother's she will share with the others. But a hundred a year will be nothing to you."

"Won't it, sir? I think a very great deal of a hundred a year. I'm to have a hundred and fifty from the office; and I should be ready to marry on that to-morrow."

"You couldn't live on such an income,—unless you were to alter your habits very much."

"But I will alter them."

"We shall see. You are so placed that by marrying you would lose a considerable income; and I would advise you to put off thinking of it for the next two years."

"My belief is, that settling down would be the best thing in the world to make me work."

"We'll try what a year will do. So Florence is to go to your father's house at Easter?"

"Yes, sir; she has been good enough to promise to come, if you have no objection."

"It is quite as well that they should know her early. I only hope they will like her as well as we like you. Now I'll say good-night,—and good-by." Then Harry went, and walking up and down the High Street of Stratton, thought of all that he had done during the past year.

On his arrival at Stratton that idea of perpetual misery arising from blighted affection was still strong within his breast. He had given all his heart to a false woman who had betrayed him. He had risked all his fortune on one cast of the die, and, gambler-like, had lost everything. On the day of Julia's marriage he had shut himself up at the school,—luckily it was a holiday,—and had flattered himself that he had gone through some hours of intense agony. No doubt he did suffer somewhat, for in truth he had loved the woman: but such sufferings are seldom perpetual, and with him they had been as easy of cure as with most others. A little more than a year had passed, and now he was already engaged to another woman. As he thought of this he did not by any means accuse himself of inconstancy or of weakness of heart. It appeared to him now the most natural thing in the world that he should love Florence Burton. In those old days he had never seen Flor-

ence, and had hardly thought seriously of what qualities a man really wants in a wife. As he walked up and down the hill of Stratton Street with the kiss of the dear, modest, affectionate girl still warm upon his lips, he told himself that a marriage with such a one as Julia Brabazon would have been altogether fatal to his chance of happiness.

And things had occurred and rumours had reached him which assisted him much in adopting this view of the subject. It was known to all the Claverings,—and even to all others who cared about such things,—that Lord and Lady Ongar were not happy together, and it had been already said that Lady Ongar had misconducted herself. There was a certain count whose name had come to be mingled with hers in a way that was, to say the least of it, very unfortunate. Sir Hugh Clavering had declared, in Mrs. Clavering's hearing, though but little disposed in general to make many revelations to any of the family at the rectory, "that he did not intend to take his sister-in-law's part. She had made her own bed, and she must lie upon it. She had known what Lord Ongar was before she had married him, and the fault was her own." So much Sir Hugh had said, and in saying it, had done all that in him lay to damn his sister-in-law's fair fame. Harry Clavering, little as he had lived in the world during the last twelve months, still knew that some people told a different story. The earl too and his wife had not been in England since their marriage;—so that these rumours had been filtered to them at home through a foreign medium. During most of their time they had been in Italy, and now, as Harry knew, they were at Florence. He had heard that Lord Ongar had declared his intention of suing for a divorce; but that he supposed to be erroneous, as the two were still living under the same roof. Then he heard that Lord Ongar was ill; and whispers were spread abroad darkly and doubtfully, as though great misfortunes were apprehended.

Harry could not fail to tell himself that had Julia become his wife, as she had once promised, these whispers and this darkness would hardly have come to pass. But not on that account did he now regret that her early vows had not been kept. Living at Stratton, he had taught himself to think much of the quiet domesticities of life, and to believe that Florence Burton was fitter to be his wife than Julia Brabazon. He told himself that he had done well to find this out, and that he had been wise to act upon it. His wisdom had in truth gon-

sisted in his capacity to feel that Florence was a nice girl, clever, well-minded, high-principled, and full of spirit, — and in falling in love with her as a consequence. All his regard for the quiet domesticities had come from his love, and had had no share in producing it. Florence was bright-eyed. No eyes were ever brighter, either in tears or in laughter. And when he came to look at her well he found that he had been an idiot to think her plain. "There are things that grow to beauty as you look at them, — to exquisite beauty; and you are one of them," he had said to her. "And there are men," she had answered, "who grow to flattery as you listen to them, — to impudent flattery; and you are one of them." "I thought you plain the first day I saw you. That's not flattery." "Yes, sir, it is; and you mean it for flattery. But after all, Harry, it comes only to this, that you want to tell me that you have learned to love me." He repeated all this to himself as he walked up and down Stratton, and declared to himself that she was very lovely. It had been given to him to ascertain this, and he was rather proud of himself. But he was a little diffident about his father. He thought that, perhaps, his father might see Florence as he himself had first seen her, and might not have discernment enough to ascertain his mistake as he had done. But Florence was not going to Clavering at once, and he would be able to give beforehand his own account of her. He had not been home since his engagement had been a thing settled; but his position with regard to Florence had been declared by letter, and his mother had written to the young lady, asking her to come to Clavering.

When Harry got home all the family received him with congratulations. "I am so glad to think that you should marry early," his mother said to him in a whisper. "But I am not married yet, mother," he answered.

"Do show me a lock of her hair," said Fanny, laughing. "It's twice prettier hair than yours, though she doesn't think half so much about it as you do," said her brother, pinching Fanny's arm. "But you'll show me a lock, won't you," said Fanny.

"I'm so glad she's to be here at my marriage," said Mary, "because then Edward will know her. I'm so glad that he will see her." "Edward will have other fish to fry, and won't care much about her," said Harry.

"It seems you're going to do the regular thing," said his father, "like all the good apprentices. Marry your master's daughter,

and then become Lord Mayor of London."

This was not the view in which it had pleased Harry to regard his engagement. All the other "young men" that had gone to Mr. Burton's had married Mr. Burton's daughters, — or, at least, enough had done so to justify the Stratton assertion that all had fallen into the same trap. The Burtons, with their five girls, were supposed in Stratton to have managed their affairs very well, and something of these hints had reached Harry's ears. He would have preferred that the thing should not have been made so common, but he was not fool enough to make himself really unhappy on that head. "I don't know much about becoming Lord Mayor," he replied. "That promotion doesn't lie exactly in our line." "But marrying your master's daughter does, it seems," said the Rector. Harry thought that this as coming from his father was almost ill-natured, and therefore dropped the conversation.

"I am sure we shall like her," said Fanny.

"I think that I shall like Harry's choice," said Mrs. Clavering.

"I do hope Edward will like her," said Mary.

"Mary," said her sister, "I do wish you were once married. When you are, you'll begin to have a self of your own again. Now you're no better than an unconscious echo."

"Wait for your own turn, my dear," said the mother.

Harry had reached home on a Saturday, and the following Monday was Christmas-day. Lady Clavering, he was told, was at home at the park, and Sir Hugh had been there lately. No one from the house except the servants were seen at church either on the Sunday or on Christmas-day. "But that shows nothing," said the Rector, speaking in anger. "He very rarely does come, and when he does, it would be better that he should stay away. I think that he likes to insult me by misconducting himself. They say that she is not well, and I can easily believe that all this about her sister makes her unhappy. If I were you I would go up and call. Your mother was there the other day, but did not see them. I think you'll find that he's away, hunting somewhere. I saw the groom going off with three horses on Sunday afternoon. He always sends them by the church gate just as we're coming out."

So Harry went up to the house, and found Lady Clavering at home. She was looking old and careworn, but she was glad

to see him. Harry was the only one of the rectory family who had been liked at the great house since Sir Hugh's marriage, and he, had he cared to do so, would have been made welcome there. But, as he had once said to Sir Hugh's sister-in-law, if he shot the Clavering game, he would be expected to do so in the guise of a head gamekeeper, and he did not choose to play that part. It would not suit him to drink Sir Hugh's claret, and be bidden to ring the bell, and to be asked to step into the stable for this or that. He was a fellow of his college, and quite as big a man, he thought as Sir Hugh. He would not be a hanger-on at the park, and, to tell the truth, he disliked his cousin quite as much as his father did. But there had even been a sort of friendship, — nay, occasionally almost a confidence between him and lady Clavering, and he believed that by her he was really liked.

"Lady Clavering had heard of his engagement, and of course congratulated him. 'Who told you?' he asked, — 'Was it my mother?'"

"No; I have not seen your mother I don't know when. I think it was my maid told me. Though we somehow don't see much of you all at the rectory, our servants are no doubt more gracious with the rectory servants. I'm sure she must be nice, Harry, or you would not have chosen her. I hope she has got some money."

"Yes, I think she is nice. She is coming here at Easter."

"Ah, we shall be away then, you know; and about the money?"

"She will have a little, but very little, — a hundred a year."

"Oh, Harry, is not that rash of you? Younger brothers should always get money. You're the same as a younger brother you know."

"My idea is to earn my own bread. It's not very aristocratic, but, after all, there are a great many more in the same boat with me."

"Of course you will earn your bread, but having a wife with money would not hinder that. A girl is not the worse because she can bring some help. However, I'm sure I hope you'll be happy."

"What I meant was that I think it best when the money comes from the husband."

"I'm sure I ought to agree with you, because we never had any." Then there was a pause. "I suppose you've heard about Lord Ongar," she said.

"I have heard that he is very ill."

"Very ill. I believe there was no hope

when we heard last; but Julia never writes now."

"I'm sorry that it is so bad as that," said Harry, not well knowing what else to say.

"As regards Julia, I do not know whether it may not be for the best. It seems to be a cruel thing to say, but of course I cannot but think most of her. You have heard, perhaps, that they have not been happy?"

"Yes; I had heard that."

"Of course; and what is the use of pretending anything with you? You know what people have said of her."

"I have never believed it."

"You always loved her, Harry. Oh, dear, I remember how unhappy that made me once, and I was so much afraid that Hugh would suspect it. She would never have done for you; would she, Harry?"

"She did a great deal better for herself," said Harry.

"If you mean that ironically, you shouldn't say it now. If he dies, she will be well off, of course, and people will in time forget what has been said, — that is, if she will live quietly. The worst of it is that she fears nothing."

"But you speak as though you thought she had been — been?"

"I think she was probably imprudent, but I believe nothing worse than that. But who can say what is absolutely wrong, and what only imprudent? I think she was too proud to go really astray. And then with such a man as that, so difficult and so ill-tempered! — Sir Hugh thinks" — but at that moment the door was opened and Sir Hugh came in.

"What does Sir Hugh think? said he."

"We were speaking of Lord Ongar," said Harry, sitting up and shaking hands with his cousin.

"Then, Harry, you were speaking on a subject that I would rather not have discussed in this house. Do you understand that, Hermione? I will have no talking about Lord Ongar or his wife. We know very little, and what we hear is simply uncomfortable. Will you dine here to-day, Harry?"

"Thank you, no; I have only just come home."

"And I am just going away. That is, I go to-morrow. I cannot stand this place. I think it the dullest neighbourhood in all England, and the most gloomy house I ever saw. Hermione likes it."

"To this last assertion Lady Clavering expressed no assent; nor did she venture to contradict him."

CHAPTER V.

LADY ONGAR'S RETURN.

BUT Sir Hugh did not get away from Clavering Park on the next morning as he had intended. There came to him that same afternoon a message by telegraph, to say that Lord Ongar was dead. He had died at Florence on the afternoon of Christmas-day, and Lady Ongar had expressed her intention of coming at once to England.

"Why the devil doesn't she stay where she is?" said Sir Hugh, to his wife. "People would forget her there, and in twelve months' time, the row would be all over."

Perhaps she does not want to be forgotten," said Lady Clavering.

"Then she should want it. I don't care whether she has been guilty or not. When a woman gets her name into such a mess as that, she should keep in the background."

"I think you are unjust to her, Hugh."

"Of course you do. You don't suppose that I expect anything else. But if you mean to tell me that there would have been all this row, if she had been decently prudent, I tell you that you're mistaken."

"Only think what a man he was."

"She knew that when she took him, and should have borne with him while he lasted. A woman isn't to have seven thousand a year for nothing."

"But you forget that not a syllable has been proved against her, or been attempted to be proved. She has never left him, and now she has been with him in his last moments. I don't think you ought to be the first to turn against her."

"If she would remain abroad, I would do the best I could for her. She chooses to return home; and as I think she's wrong, I won't have her here;—that's all. You don't suppose that I go about the world accusing her?"

"I think you might do something to fight her battle for her."

"I will do nothing,—unless she takes my advice and remains abroad. You must write to her now, and you will tell her what I say. It's an infernal bore, his dying at this moment; but I suppose people won't expect that I'm to shut myself up."

For one day only did the baronet shut himself up, and on the following he went whither he had before intended.

Lady Clavering thought it proper to write a line to the rectory, informing the family there that Lord Ongar was no more. This she did in a note to Mrs. Clavering; and when it

was received, there came over the faces of them all that lugubrious look, which is, as a matter of course, assumed by decorous people when tidings come of the death of any one who has been known to them, even in the most distant way. With the exception of Harry, all the rectory Claverings had been introduced to Lord Ongar, and were now bound to express something approaching to sorrow. Will any one dare to call this hypocrisy? If it be so called, who in the world is not a hypocrite? Where is the man or woman who has not a special face for sorrow before company? The man or woman who has no such face, would at once be accused of heartless impropriety.

"It is very sad," said Mrs. Clavering; "only think, it is but little more than a year since you married them!"

"And twelve such months as they have been for her!" said the Rector, shaking his head. His face was very lugubrious, for though as parson he was essentially a kindly, easy man, to whom humbug was odious, and who dwelt little in the austerities of clerical denunciation, still he had his face of pulpit sorrow for the sins of the people,—what I may perhaps call his clerical knack of gentle condemnation,—and could therefore assume a solemn look, and a little saddened motion of his head, with more ease than people who are not often called upon for such action.

"Poor woman!" said Fanny, thinking of the woman's married sorrows, and her early widowhood.

"Poor man," said Mary, shuddering as she thought of the husband's fate.

"I hope," said Harry, almost sentimentally, "that no one in this house will condemn her upon such mere rumours as have been heard."

"Why should any one in this house condemn her," said the Rector, "even if there were more than rumors? My dears, judge not, lest ye be judged. As regards her, we are bound by close ties not to speak ill of her—or even to think ill, unless we cannot avoid it. As far as I know, we have not even any reason for thinking ill." Then he went out, changed the tone of his countenance among the rectory stables, and lit his cigar.

Three days after that a second note was brought down from the great house to the rectory, and this was from Lady Clavering to Harry. "Dear Harry," ran the note,— "Could you find time to come up to me this morning? Sir Hugh has gone to North Priory.—Ever yours, H. C." Harry, of course, went, and as he went, he wondered how Sir

Hugh could have had the heart to go to North Priory at such a moment. North Priory was a hunting seat some thirty miles from Clavering, belonging to a great nobleman with whom Sir Hugh much consorted. Harry was grieved that his cousin had not resisted the temptation of going at such a time, but he was quick enough to perceive that Lady Clavering alluded to the absence of her lord as a reason why Harry might pay his visit to the house with satisfaction.

"I'm so much obliged to you for coming," said Lady Clavering. "I want to know if you can do something for me." As she spoke, she had a paper in her hand which he perceived to be a letter from Italy.

"I'll do anything I can, of course, Lady Clavering."

"But I must tell you, that I hardly know whether I ought to ask you. I'm doing what would make Hugh very angry. But he is so unreasonable, and so cruel about Julia. He condemns her simply because, as he says, there is no smoke without fire. That is such a cruel thing to say about a woman; — is it not?"

Harry thought that it was a cruel thing, but as he did not wish to speak evil of Sir Hugh before Lady Clavering, he held his tongue.

"When we got the first news by telegraph, Julia said that she intended to come home at once. Hugh thinks that she should remain abroad for some time, and indeed I am not sure but that would be best. At any rate he made me write to her, and advise her to stay. He declared that if she came at once he would do nothing for her. The truth is, he does not want to have her here, for if she were again in the house he would have to take her part, if ill-natured things were said."

"That's cowardly," said Harry, stoutly.

"Don't say that, Harry, till you have heard it all. If he believes these things, he is right not to wish to meddle. He is very hard, and always believes evil. But he is not a coward. If she were here, living with him as my sister, he would take her part, whatever he might himself think."

"But why should he think ill of his own sister-in-law? I have never thought ill of her."

"You loved her, and he never did; — though I think he liked her too in his way. But that's what he told me to do, and I did it. I wrote to her, advising her to remain at Florence till the warm weather comes, saying that as she could not specially wish to be in London for the season, I thought she would be more comfortable there than here;

— and then I added that Hugh also advised her to stay. Of course I did not say that he would not have her here, — but that was his threat."

"She is not likely to press herself where she is not wanted."

"No, — and she will not forget her rank and her money; — for that must now be hers. Julia can be quite as hard and as stubborn as he can. But I did write as I say, and I think that if she had got my letter before she had written herself, she would perhaps have stayed. But here is a letter from her, declaring that she will come at once. She will be starting almost as soon as my letter gets there, and I am sure she will not alter her purpose now."

"I don't see why she should not come if she likes it."

"Only that she might be more comfortable there. But read what she says. You need not read the first part. Not that there is any secret; but it is about him and his last moments, and it would only pain you."

Harry longed to read the whole, but he did as he was bid, and began the letter at the spot which Lady Clavering marked for him with her finger. "I have to start on the third, and as I shall stay nowhere except to sleep at Turin and Paris, I shall be home by the eighth; — I think on the evening of the eighth. I shall bring only my own maid, and one of his men who desires to come back with me. I wish to have apartments taken for me in London. I suppose Hugh will do as much as this for me?"

"I am quite sure Hugh won't," said Lady Clavering, who was watching his eye as he read.

Harry said nothing, but went on reading.

"I shall only want two sitting-rooms and two bedrooms, — one for myself and one for Clara, and should like to have them somewhere near Piccadilly, — in Clarges Street, or about there. You can write me a line, or send me a message to the Hôtel Bristol, at Paris. If anything fails, so that I should not hear, I shall go to the Palace Hotel; and, in that case, should telegraph for rooms from Paris."

"Is that all I'm to read?" Harry asked.

"You can go on and see what she says as to her reason for coming." So Harry went on reading. "I have suffered much, and of course I know that I must suffer more; but I am determined that I will face the worst of it at once. It has been hinted to me that an attempt will be made to interfere with the settlement —" "Who can have hinted that?" said Harry. Lady Clavering suspected who might have done

so, but she made no answer. "I can hardly think it possible; but, if it is done, I will not be out of the way. I have done my duty as best I could, and have done it under circumstances that I may truly say were terrible;—and I will go on doing it. No one shall say that I am ashamed to show my face and claim my own. You will be surprised when you see me. I have aged so much;"—

"You need not go on," said Lady Clavering. "The rest is about nothing that signifies."

Then Harry refolded the letter and gave it back to his companion.

"Sir Hugh is gone, and therefore I could not show him that in time to do anything; but if I were to do so, he would simply do nothing, and let her go to the hotel in London. Now that would be unkind;—would it not?"

"Very unkind, I think."

"It would seem so cold to her on her return."

"Very cold. Will you not go and meet her?"

Lady Clavering blushed as she answered. Though Sir Hugh was a tyrant to his wife, and known to be such, and though she knew that this was known, she had never said that it was so to any of the Claverings; but now she was driven to confess it. "He would not let me go, Harry. I could not go without telling him, and if I told him he would forbid it."

"And she is to be all alone in London, without any friend?"

"I shall go to her as soon as he will let me. I don't think he will forbid my going to her, perhaps after a day or two; but I know he would not let me go on purpose to meet her."

"It does seem hard."

"But about the apartments, Harry? I thought that perhaps you would see about them. After all that has passed I could not have asked you, only that now, as you are engaged yourself, it is nearly the same as though you were married. I would ask Archibald, only then there would be a fuss between Archibald and Hugh; and somehow I look on you more as a brother-in-law than I do Archibald."

"Is Archie in London?"

"His address is at his club, but I daresay he is at North Priory also. At any rate, I shall say nothing to him."

"I was thinking he might have met her."

"Julia never liked him. And, indeed, I don't think she will care so much about being met. She was always independent in

that way, and would go over the world alone better than many men. But couldn't you run up and manage about the apartments? A woman coming home as a widow,—and in her position,—feels an hotel to be so public."

"I will see about the apartments."

"I knew you would. And there will be time for you to send to me, so that I can write to Paris;—will there not? There is more than a week, you know."

But Henry did not wish to go to London on this business immediately. He had made up his mind that he would not only take the rooms, but that he would also meet Lady Ongar at the station. He said nothing of this to Lady Clavering, as, perhaps, she might not approve; but such was his intention. He was wrong no doubt. A man in such cases should do what he is asked to do, and do no more. But he repeated to himself the excuse that Lady Clavering had made,—namely, that he was already the same as a married man, and that, therefore, no harm could come of his courtesy to his cousin's wife's sister. But he did not wish to make two journeys to London, nor did he desire to be away for a full week out of his holidays. Lady Clavering could not press him to go at once, and, therefore, it was settled as he proposed. She would write to Paris immediately, and he would go up to London after three or four days. "If we only knew of any apartments, we could write," said Lady Clavering. "You could not know that they were comfortable," said Harry; "and you will find that I will do it in plenty of time." Then he took his leave; but Lady Clavering had still one other word to say to him. "You had better not say anything about all this at the rectory; had you?" Harry, without considering much about it, said that he would not mention it.

Then he went away and walked again about the park, thinking of it all. He had not seen her since he had walked round the park, in his misery, after parting with her in the garden. How much had happened since then! She had been married in her glory, had become a countess, and then a widow, and was now returning with a tarnished name, almost repudiated by those who had been her dearest friends; but with rank and fortune at her command,—and again a free woman. He could not but think what might have been his chance were it not for Florence Burton! But much had happened to him also. He had almost perished in his misery;—so he told himself;—but had once more "tricked his beams,"—that was his expression to him-

self,—and was now “flaming in the forehead” of a glorious love. And even if there had been no such love, would a widowed countess with a damaged name have suited his ambition, simply because she had the rich dower of the poor wretch to whom she had sold herself? No, indeed. There could be no question of renewed vows between them now;—there could have been no such question even had there been no “glorious love,” which had accrued to him almost as his normal privilege in right of his pupilage in Mr. Burton’s office. No;—there could be, there could have been, nothing now between him and the widowed Countess of Ongar. But, nevertheless, he liked the idea of meeting her in London. He felt some triumph in the thought that he should be the first to touch her hand on her return after all that she had suffered. He would be very courteous to her, and would spare no trouble that would give her any ease. As for her rooms, he would see to everything of which he could think that might add to her comfort; and a wish crept upon him, uninvited, that she might be conscious of what he had done for her.

Would she be aware, he wondered, that he was engaged? Lady Clavering had known it for the last three months, and would probably have mentioned the circumstance in a letter. But perhaps not. The sisters, he knew, had not been good correspondents; and he almost wished that she might not know it. “I should not care to be talking to her about Florence,” he said to himself.

It was very strange that they should come to meet in such a way, after all that had passed between them in former days. Would it occur to her that he was the only man she had ever loved?—for, of course, as he well knew, she had never loved her husband. Or would she now be too callous to everything but the outer world to think at all of such a subject? She had said that she was aged, and he could well believe it. Then he pictured her to himself in her weeds, worn, sad, thin, but still proud and handsome. He had told Florence of his early love for the woman whom Lord Ongar had married, and had described with rapture his joy that that early passion had come to nothing. Now he would have to tell Florence of this meeting; and he thought of the comparison he would make between her bright young charms and the shipwrecked beauty of the widow. On the whole, he was proud that he had been selected for the commission, as he liked to think of himself as one to whom things happened which were

out of the ordinary course. His only objection to Florence was that she had come to him so much in the ordinary course.

“I suppose the truth is you are tired of our dulness,” said his father to him, when he declared his purpose of going up to London, and, in answer to certain questions that were asked him, had hesitated to tell his business.

“Indeed, it is not so,” said Harry, earnestly; “but I have a commission to execute for a certain person, and I cannot explain what it is.”

“Another secret;—eh, Harry?”
“I am very sorry,—but it is a secret. It is not one of my own seeking; that is all I can say.” His mother and sisters also asked him a question or two; but when he became mysterious, they did not persevere. “Of course it is something about Florence,” said Fanny. “I’ll be bound he is going to meet her. What will you bet me, Harry, you don’t go to the play with Florence before you come home?” To this Henry deigned no answer; and after that no more questions were asked.

He went up to London and took rooms in Bolton Street. There was a pretty fresh-looking light drawing-room, or, indeed, two drawing-rooms, and a small dining-room, and a large bed-room looking over upon the trees of some great nobleman’s garden. As Harry stood at the window it seemed so odd to him that he should be there. And he was busy about everything in the chamber, seeing that all things were clean and well ordered. Was the woman of the house sure of her cook? Sure; of course she was sure. Had not old Lady Dimdaff lived there for two years, and nobody ever was so particular about her victuals as Lady Dimdaff. “And would Lady Ongar keep her own carriage?” As to this Harry could say nothing. Then came the question of price, and Harry found his commission very difficult. The sum asked seemed to be enormous. “Seven guineas a-week at that time of the year!” Lady Dimdaff had always paid seven guineas. “But that was in the season,” suggested Harry. To this the woman replied that it was the season now. Harry felt that he did not like to drive a bargain for the Countess, who would probably care very little what she paid, and therefore assented. But a guinea a day for lodgings did seem a great deal of money. He was prepared to marry and commence housekeeping upon a less sum for all his expenses. However, he had done his commission, had written to Lady Clavering, and had telegraphed to Paris.

He had almost brought himself to write to Lady Ongar, but when the moment came he abstained. He had sent the telegram as from H. Clavering. She might think that it came from Hugh if she pleased.

He was unable not to attend specially to his dress when he went to meet her at the Victoria Station. He told himself that he was an ass, — but still he went on being an ass. During the whole afternoon he could do nothing but think of what he had in hand. He was to tell Florence everything, but had Florence known the actual state of his mind, I doubt whether she would have been satisfied with him. The train was due at 8 P. M. He dined at the Oxford and Cambridge Club at six, and then went to his lodgings to take one last look at his outer man. The evening was very fine, but he went down to the station in a cab, because he would not meet Lady Ongar in soiled boots. He told himself again that he was an ass; and then tried to console himself by thinking that such an occasion as this seldom happened once to any man, — could hardly happen more than once to any man. He had hired a carriage for her, not thinking it fit that Lady Ongar should be taken to her new home in a cab; and when he was at the station, half an hour before the proper time, was very fidgety because it had not come. Ten minutes before eight he might have been seen standing at the entrance to the station looking out anxiously for the vehicle. The man was there, of course, in time, but Harry made himself angry because he could not get the carriage so placed that Lady Ongar might be sure of stepping into it without leaving the platform. Punctually to the moment the coming train announced itself by its whistle and Harry Clavering felt himself to be in a flutter.

The train came up along the platform, and Harry stood there expecting to see Julia Brabazon's head projected from the first window that caught his eye. It was of Julia Brabazon's head, and not of Lady Ongar's, that he was thinking. But he saw no sign of her presence while the carriages were coming to a stand-still, and the platform was covered with passengers before he discovered her whom he was seeking. At last he encountered in the crowd a man in livery, and found from him that he was Lady Ongar's servant. "I have come to meet Lady Ongar," said Harry, "and have got a carriage for her." Then the servant found his mistress, and Harry offered his hand to a tall woman in black. She wore

a black straw hat with a veil, but the veil was so thick that Harry could not at all see her face.

"Is that Mr. Clavering?" said she.

"Yes," said Harry, "it is I. Your sister asked me to take rooms for you, and as I was in town I thought I might as well meet you to see if you wanted anything. Can I get the luggage?"

"Thank you; — the man will do that. He knows where the things are."

"I ordered a carriage; — shall I show him where it is? Perhaps you will let me take you to it? They are so stupid here. They would not let me bring it up."

"It will do very well I'm sure. It's very kind of you. The rooms are in Bolton Street. I have the number here. Oh! thank you." But she would not take his arm. So he led the way, and stood at the door while she got into the carriage with her maid. "I'd better show the man where you are now." This he did, and afterwards shook hands with her through the carriage window. This was all he saw of her, and the words which have been repeated were all that were spoken. Of her face he had not caught a glimpse.

As he went home to his lodgings he was conscious that the interview had not been satisfactory. He could not say what more he wanted, but he felt that there was something amiss. He consoled himself, however, by reminding himself that Florence Burton was the girl whom he had really loved, and not Julia Brabazon. Lady Ongar had given him no invitation to come and see her, and therefore he determined that he would return home on the following day without going near Bolton Street. He had pictured to himself beforehand the sort of description he would give to Lady Clavering of her sister; but, seeing how things had turned out, he made up his mind that he would say nothing of the meeting. Indeed, he would not go up to the great house at all. He had done Lady Clavering's commission, — at some little trouble and expense to himself, and there should be an end of it. Lady Ongar would not mention that she had seen him. He doubted, indeed, whether she would remember whom she had seen. For any good that he had done, or for any sentiment that there had been, his cousin Hugh's butler might as well have gone to the train. In this mood he returned home, consoling himself with the fitness of things which had given him Florence Burton instead of Julia Brabazon for a wife.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REV. SAMUEL SAUL.

DURING Harry's absence in London, a circumstance had occurred at the rectory which had surprised some of them and annoyed others a good deal. Mr. Saul, the curate, had made an offer to Fanny. The Rector and Fanny declared themselves to be both surprised and annoyed. That the Rector was in truth troubled by the thing was very evident. Mrs. Clavering said that she had almost suspected it, — that she was at any rate not surprised; as to the offer itself, of course she was sorry that it should have been made, as it could not suit Fanny to accept it. Mary was surprised, as she had thought Mr. Saul to be wholly intent on other things; but she could not see any reason why the offer should be regarded as being on his part unreasonable.

"How can you say so, mamma?" Such had been Fanny's indignant exclamation when Mrs. Clavering had hinted that Mr. Saul's proceeding had been expected by her.

"Simply because I saw that he liked you, my dear. Men under such circumstances have different ways of showing their liking."

Fanny, who had seen all of Mary's love-affair from the beginning to the end, and who had watched the Reverend Edward Fielding in all his very conspicuous manoeuvres, would not agree to this. Edward Fielding from the first moment of his intimate acquaintance with Mary had left no doubt of his intentions on the mind of any one. He had talked to Mary and walked with Mary, whenever he was allowed or found it possible to do so. When driven to talk to Fanny, he had always talked about Mary. He had been a lover of the good, old, plain-spoken stamp, about whom there had been no mistake. From the first moment of his coming much about Clavering Rectory the only question had been about his income. "I don't think Mr. Saul ever said a word to me except about the poor people and the church services," said Fanny. "That was merely his way," said Mrs. Clavering. "Then he must be a goose," said Fanny. "I am very sorry if I have made him unhappy, but he had no business to come to me in that way."

"I suppose I shall have to look for another curate," said the Rector. But this was said in private to his wife.

"I don't see that at all," said Mrs. Clavering. "With many men it would be so; but I think you will find that he will take

an answer, and that there will be an end of it."

Fanny, perhaps, had a right to be indignant, for certainly Mr. Saul had given her no fair warning of his intention. Mary had for some months been intent rather on Mr. Fielding's church matters than on those going on in her own parish, and therefore there had been nothing singular in the fact that Mr. Saul had said more on such matters to Fanny than to her sister. Fanny was eager and active, and as Mr. Saul was very eager and very active, it was natural that they should have had some interests in common. But there had been no private walkings, and no talkings that could properly be called private. There was a certain book which Fanny kept, containing the names of all the poor people in the parish, to which Mr. Saul had access equally with herself; but its contents were of a most prosaic nature, and when she had sat over it in the rectory drawing-room, with Mr. Saul by her side, striving to extract more than twelve pennies out of charity shillings, she had never thought that it would lead to a declaration of love.

He had never called her Fanny in his life, — not up to the moment when she declined the honor of becoming Mrs. Saul.

The offer itself was made in this wise. She had been at the house of old Widow Tubb, half-way between Cumberly Green and the little village of Clavering, striving to make that rheumatic old woman believe that she had not been cheated by a general conspiracy of the parish in the matter of a distribution of coal, when, just as she was about to leave the cottage, Mr. Saul came up. It was then past four, and the evening was becoming dark, and there was, moreover, a slight drizzle of rain. It was not a tempting evening for a walk of a mile and a half through a very dirty lane; but Fanny Clavering did not care much for such things, and was just stepping out into the mud and moisture, with her dress well looped up, when Mr. Saul accosted her.

"I'm afraid you'll be very wet, Miss Clavering."

"That will be better than going without my cup of tea, Mr. Saul, which I should have to do if I stayed any longer with Mrs. Tubb. And I have got an umbrella."

"But it is so dark and dirty," said he.

"I'm used to that, as you ought to know."

"Yes; I do know it," said he, walking on with her. "I do know that nothing ever turns you away from the good work."

There was something in the tone of his

voice which Fanny did not like. He had never complimented her before. They had been very intimate and had often scolded each other. Fanny would accuse him of exacting too much from the people, and he would retort upon her that she coddled them. Fanny would often decline to obey him, and he would make angry hints as to his clerical authority. In this way they had worked together pleasantly, without any of the awkwardness which on other terms would have arisen between a young man and a young woman. But now that he began to praise her with some peculiar intention of meaning in his tone, she was confounded. She had made no immediate answer to him, but walked on rapidly through the mud and slush.

"You are very constant," said he; "I have not been two years at Clavering without finding that out." It was becoming worse and worse. It was not so much his words which provoked her as the tone in which they were uttered. And yet she had not the slightest idea of what was coming. If, thoroughly admiring her devotion and mistaken as to her character, he were to ask her to become a Protestant nun, or suggest to her that she should leave her home and go as nurse into a hospital, then there would have occurred the sort of folly of which she believed him to be capable. Of the folly which he now committed, she had not believed him to be capable.

It had come on to rain hard, and she held her umbrella low over her head. He also was walking with an open umbrella in his hand, so that they were not very close to each other. Fanny, as she stepped on impetuously, put her foot into the depth of a pool, and splashed herself thoroughly.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said she; "this is very disagreeable."

"Miss Clavering," said he, "I have been looking for an opportunity to speak to you, and I do not know when I may find another so suitable as this." She still believed that some proposition was to be made to her which would be disagreeable, and perhaps impertinent, — but it never occurred to her that Mr. Saul was in want of a wife.

"Doesn't it rain too hard for talking?" she said.

"As I have begun I must go on with it now," he replied, raising his voice a little, as though it were necessary that he should do so to make her hear him through the rain and darkness. She moved a little further away from him with unthinking irritation; but still he went on with his purpose.

"Miss Clavering, I know that I am ill-suited

to play the part of a lover; — very ill-suited." Then she gave a start and again splashed herself sadly. "I have never read how it is done in books, and have not allowed my imagination to dwell much on such things."

"Mr. Saul, don't go on; pray don't." Now she did understand what was coming.

"Yes, Miss Clavering, I must go on now; but not on that account would I press you to give me an answer to-day. I have learned to love you, and if you can love me in return, I will take you by the hand, and you shall be my wife. I have found that in you which I have been unable not to love, — not to covet that I may bind it to myself as my own for ever. Will you think of this, and give me an answer when you have considered it fully?"

He had not spoken altogether amiss, and Fanny, though she was very angry with him, was conscious of this. The time he had chosen might not be considered suitable for a declaration of love, nor the place; but having chosen them, he had, perhaps, made the best of them. There had been no hesitation in his voice, and his words had been perfectly audible.

"Oh, Mr. Saul, of course I can assure you at once," said Fanny. "There need not be any consideration. I really have never thought" — Fanny, who knew her own mind on the matter thoroughly, was hardly able to express herself plainly and without incivility. As soon as that phrase "of course" had passed her lips, she felt that it should not have been spoken. There was no need that she should insult him by telling him that such a proposition from him could have but one answer.

"No, Miss Clavering; I know you have never thought of it, and therefore it would be well that you should take time. I have not been able to make manifest to you by little signs, as men do who are less awkward, all the love that I have felt for you. Indeed, could I have done so, I should still have hesitated till I had thoroughly resolved that I might be better with a wife than without one; and had resolved also, as far as that might be possible for me, that you also would be better with a husband."

"Mr. Saul, really that should be for me to think of."

"And for me also. Can any man offer to marry a woman, — to bind a woman for life to certain duties, and to so close an obligation without thinking whether such bonds would be good for her as well as for himself? Of course you must think for yourself; and so have I thought for you.

You should think for yourself, and you should think also for me."

Fanny was quite aware that as regarded herself, the matter was one which required no more thinking. Mr. Saul was not a man with whom she could bring herself to be in love. She had her own ideas as to what was lovable in men, and the eager curate, splashing through the rain by her side, by no means came up to her standard of excellence. She was unconsciously aware that he had altogether mistaken her character, and given her credit for more abnegation of the world than she pretended to possess, or was desirous of possessing. Fanny Clavering was in no hurry to get married. I do not know that she had even made up her mind that marriage would be a good thing for her; but she had an untroubled conviction that if she did marry, her husband should have a house and an income. She had no reliance on her own power of living on a potato, and with one new dress every year. A comfortable home, with nice, comfortable things around her, ease in money matters, and elegance in life, were charms with which she had not quarrelled, and, though she did not wish to be hard upon Mr. Saul on account of his mistake, she did feel that in making his proposition he had blundered. Because she chose to do her duty as a parish clergyman's daughter, he thought himself entitled to regard her as a devotée, who would be willing to resign everything to become the wife of a clergyman, who was active, indeed, but who had not one shilling of income beyond his curacy. "Mr. Saul," she said, "I can assure you I need take no time for further thinking. It cannot be as you would have it."

"Perhaps I have been abrupt. Indeed, I feel that it is so, though I did not know how to avoid it."

"It would have made no difference. Indeed, indeed, Mr. Saul, nothing of that kind could have made a difference."

"Will you grant me this;—that I may speak to you again on the same subject after six months?"

"It cannot do any good."

"It will do this good;—that for so much time you will have had the idea before you." Fanny thought that she would have Mr. Saul himself before her, and that that would be enough. Mr. Saul, with his rusty clothes, and his thick, dirty shoes, and his weak, blinking eyes, and his mind always set upon the one wish of his life, could not be made to present himself to her in the guise of a lover. He was one of those men of whom women become very fond with the

fondness of friendship, but from whom young women seem to be as far removed in the way of love as though they belonged to some other species. "I will not press you further," said he, "as I gather by your tone that it distresses you."

"I am so sorry if I distress you, but really, Mr. Saul, I could give you,—I never could give you any other answer."

Then they walked on silently through the rain,—silently, without a single word,—for more than half a mile, till they reached the rectory gate. Here it was necessary that they should, at any rate, speak to each other, and for the last three hundred yards Fanny had been trying to find the words which would be suitable. But he was the first to break the silence. "Good-night, Miss Clavering," he said, stopping and putting out his hand.

"Good-night, Mr. Saul."

"I hope that there may be no difference in our bearing to each other, because of what I have to-day said to you?"

"Not on my part;—that is, if you will forget it."

"No, Miss Clavering; I shall not forget it. If it had been a thing to be forgotten, I should not have spoken. I certainly shall not forget it."

"You know what I mean, Mr. Saul."

"I shall not forget it even in the way that you mean. But still I think you need not fear me, because you know that I love you. I think I can promise that you need not withdraw yourself from me, because of what has passed. But you will tell your father and your mother, and of course will be guided by them. And now, good-night." Then he went, and she was astonished at finding that he had had much the best of it in his manner of speaking and conducting himself. She had refused him very curtly, and he had borne it well. He had not been abashed, nor had he become sulky, nor had he tried to melt her by mention of his own misery. In truth he had done it very well,—only that he should have known better than to make any such attempt at all.

Mr. Saul had been right in one thing. Of course she told her mother, and of course her mother told her father. Before dinner that evening the whole affair was being debated in the family conclave. They all agreed that Fanny had had no alternative but to reject the proposition at once. That, indeed, was so thoroughly taken for granted, that the point was not discussed. But there came to be a difference between the Rector and Fanny on one side,

and Mrs. Clavering and Mary on the other. "Upon my word," said the Rector, "I think it was very impertinent." Fanny would not have liked to use that word herself, but she loved her father for using it.

"I do not see that," said Mrs. Clavering. "He could not know what Fanny's views in life might be. Curates very often marry out of the houses of the clergymen with whom they are placed, and I do not see why Mr. Saul should be debarred from the privilege of trying."

"If he had got to like Fanny what else was he to do?" said Mary.

"Oh, Mary, don't talk such nonsense," said Fanny. "Got to like! People shouldn't get to like people unless there's some reason for it."

"What on earth did he intend to live on?" demanded the Rector.

"Edward had nothing to live on, when you first allowed him to come here," said Mary.

"But Edward had prospects, and Saul, as far as I know, has none. He had given no one the slightest notice. If the man in the moon had come to Fanny I don't suppose she would have been more surprised."

"Not half so much, papa."

Then it was that Mrs. Clavering had declared that she was not surprised,—that she had suspected it, and had almost made Fanny angry by saying so. When Harry came back two days afterwards, the family news was imparted to him, and he immediately ranged himself on his father's side. "Upon my word I think that he ought to be forbidden the house," said Harry. "He has forgotten himself in making such a proposition."

"That's nonsense, Harry," said his mother. "If he can be comfortable coming here, there can be no reason why he should be uncomfortable. It would be an injustice to him to ask him to go, and a great trouble to your father to find another curate that would suit him so well." There could be no doubt whatever as to the latter proposition, and therefore it was quietly argued that Mr. Saul's fault, if there had been a fault, should be condoned. On the next day he came to the rectory, and they were all astonished at the ease with which he bore himself. It was not that he affected any special freedom of manner, or that he altogether avoided any change in his mode of speaking to them. A slight blush came upon his sallow face as he first spoke to Mrs. Clavering, and he hardly did more than say a single word to Fanny. But he carried

himself as though conscious of what he had done, but in no degree ashamed of the doing it. The Rector's manner to him was stiff and formal;—seeing which Mrs. Clavering spoke to him gently, and with a smile. "I saw you were a little hard on him, and therefore I tried to make up for it," said she afterwards. "You were quite right," said the husband. "You always are. But I wish he had not made such a fool of himself. It will never be the same thing with him again." Harry hardly spoke to Mr. Saul the first time he met him, all of which Mr. Saul understood perfectly.

"Clavering," he said to Harry, a day or two after this, "I hope there is to be no difference between you and me."

"Difference! I don't know what you mean by difference."

"We were good friends, and I hope that we are to remain so. No doubt you know what has taken place between me and your sister."

"Oh, yes;—I have been told, of course."

"What I mean is, that I hope you are not going to quarrel with me on that account? What I did, is it not what you would have done in my position?—only you would have done it successfully?"

"I think a fellow should have some income, you know."

"Can you say that you would have waited for income before you spoke of marriage?"

"I think it might have been better that you should have gone to my father."

"It may be that that is the rule in such things, but if so I do not know it. Would she have liked that better?"

"Well;—I can't say."

"You are engaged? Did you go to the young lady's family first?"

"I can't say I did; but I think I had given them some ground to expect it. I fancy they all knew what I was about. But it's over now, and I don't know that we need say anything more about it."

"Certainly not. Nothing can be said that would be of any use; but I do not think I have done anything that you should resent."

"Resent is a strong word. I don't resent it, or, at any rate, I won't; and there may be an end of it." After this, Harry was more gracious with Mr. Saul, having an idea that the curate had made some sort of apology for what he had done. But that, I fancy, was by no means Mr. Saul's view of the case. Had he offered to marry the daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, instead of the daughter of the Rector

of Clavering, he would not have imagined that his doing so needed an apology.

The day after his return from London Lady Clavering sent for Harry up to the house. "So you saw my sister in London?" she said.

"Yes," said Harry blushing; "as I was in town I might as well meet her. But, as you said, Lady Ongar is able to do without much assistance of that kind. I only just saw her."

"Julia took it so kindly of you; but she seems surprised that you did not come to her the following day. She thought you would have called."

"Oh, dear, no. I fancied that she would be too tired and too busy to wish to see any mere acquaintance."

"Ah, Harry, I see that she has angered you," said Lady Clavering; "otherwise you would not talk about mere acquaintance."

"Not in the least. Angered me! How could she anger me? What I meant was at such a time she would probably wish to see no one but people on business, — unless it was some one near to her, like yourself or Hugh."

"Hugh will not go to her."

"But you will do so; will you not?"

"Before long I will. You don't seem to understand, Harry, — and, perhaps, it would be odd if you did, — that I can't run up to town and back as I please. I ought not to tell you this, I dare say, but one feels as though one wanted to talk to some one about one's affairs. At the present moment, I have not the money to go, — even if there were no other reason." These last

words she said almost in a whisper, and then she looked up into the young man's face, to see what he thought of the communication she had made him.

"Oh, money!" he said. "You could soon get money. But I hope it won't be long before you go."

On the next morning but one a letter came by the post for him from Lady Ongar. When he saw the handwriting, which he knew, his heart was at once in his mouth, and he hesitated to open his letter at the breakfast-table. He did open it and read it, but, in truth, he hardly understood it or digested it till he had taken it away with him up to his own room. The letter, which was very short, was as follows: —

DEAR FRIEND.

I FELT your kindness in coming to me at the station so much! — the more, perhaps, because others, who owed me more kindness, have paid me less. Don't suppose that I allude to poor Hermione, for, in truth, I have no intention to complain of her. I thought, perhaps, you would have come to see me before you left London; but I suppose you were hurried. I hear from Clavering that you are to be up about your new profession in a day or two. Pray come and see me before you have been many days in London. I shall have so much to say to you! The rooms you have taken are everything that I wanted, and I am so grateful!

Yours ever,

J. O.

When Harry had read and had digested this, he became aware that he was again fluttered. "Poor creature!" he said to himself; "it is sad to think how much she is in want of a friend."

HELEN GRAY.

BECAUSE one loves you, Helen Gray,

Is that a reason you should pout.

And like a March wind veer about,

And frown, and say your shrewish say?

Don't strain the cord until it snaps,

Don't split the sound heart with your wedge,

Don't cut your fingers with the edge

Of your keen wit; you may, perhaps.

Because you're handsome, Helen Gray,

Is that a reason to be proud?

Your eyes are bold, your laugh is loud,

Your steps go mincing on their way;

But so you miss that modest charm

Which is the surest charm of all:

Take heed, you may yet trip and fall,
And no man care to stretch his arm.

Stoop from your cold height, Helen Grey,

Come down, and take a lowlier place,

Come down, to fill it now with grace;

Come down you must perforce some day:

For years cannot be kept at bay,

And fading years will make you old;

Then in their turn will men seem cold,

When you yourself are nipped and grey.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

— *Macmillan's Magazine.*

From the Argosy.

ON BEING SENTIMENTAL.

It would be amusing to trace the steps by which the words sentiments and sentimental, once words of praise, have come to mean something bad. When Sterne wrote his *Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*, he intended, and was understood to intend, to describe the book by an adjective that would recommend it. In one of the posthumous stories of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, I remember a passage in which the heroine is delighted to find in a book some pencil notes by the hero, of "the most reflective and sentimental kind." Who cannot find among his old books, "Poems, Didactic and Sentimental"? or "Sentimental Discourses for Youth"? Did not Wordsworth classify some of his writings as poems "of sentiment and reflection"? * Does not Isaac Disraeli, in the *Curiosities of Literature* (Second Series), devote a long paper to the task of commending to people's attention a new class of biography to be called Sentimental, which he thinks insufficiently cultivated? Does he not wind up by saying that Gibbon (!) had "contemplated the very ideal of Sentimental Biography;" that "the subject would powerfully address itself to the feelings of every Englishman;" and that "we may regret that Gibbon had left only the project?" How often, in turning over an old-fashioned book, and not so very old either, may we find a pencilled comment something like this — "A most admirable and sentimental author, my dear — read him and follow his counsels, so prays your affectionate mother!" I have the very case now under my eyes, in a book that seems to have been well read in Calcutta at the beginning of the century. Now when did the tide begin to turn in the use of this adjective? I think the last, or almost the last speech uttered by Sir Peter Teazle in *The School for Scandal* is, "Oh, d—n your sentiment!" — but the break-down of Joseph Surface can never have done it *all*. Indeed, if there ever were any considerable number of persons running about in society who habitually talked what our grandfathers called sentiment, they must have been bores of a degree and quality that would speedily wear out human patience and produce a reaction.

What our forefathers meant by sentiments was what we now call maxims —

* This heading covers, in my edition, the "Ode to Duty," the "Happy Warrior," "Dion," and "Lycoris."

moral deliverances such as we have seen in copy-book slips, as — "Reason should ever control passion," — "Fidelity in friendship is beautiful," — "Benevolence is a virtue," — "Truth is ever victorious over error," — and the like. Or, again, they meant what some people still call "sentiments;" though others simply classify them as wishes, or aspirations. As — "May the wing of friendship never moult a feather!" — "May we ne'er want a friend, or a bottle to give him!" — "My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher!" — and the like. Sometimes, at a "serious" festival, you may have heard the chairman say, — "Mr. So-and-so will now speak to the following sentiment — 'The cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world!'" And then Mr. So-and-so rises, with a slip of paper in his hand, supposed to contain a copy of this sentiment in MS., and he speaks to it.

It is difficult to picture to one's self a race of creatures going about in drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, parlours and shops, streets and market-places, and discharging sentiments at the rest of mankind. But evidently the conception was not so difficult to our grandfathers as it is to ourselves. Take up an oldish copy of Thomson or Gray, or *Elegant Extracts*. Here is a steel engraving, and a good one too. On a mossy bank, by the side of a brawling rivulet, whose rapid passage over the pebbly shallows is supposed to be suggestive, is reclined a handsome young man — such a one as Fielding drew in *Joseph Andrews*, where you may read his portrait in pen and ink. But he is attired in the costume of a later period — pumps, silk-stockings, cut-away coat, frilled shirt, long kerseymere vest, with angular tippet collar. Over his shoulders broad are his hyacinthine locks, and he has no hat on. His face is towards the spectator of the picture, and he is raising both hands, with the palms turned outwards. He *might* be saying, "Dear me, now!" but a reference below the picture, to "p. 91," instructs you better. You there find that he is presumed to be composing a poem, and uttering, at the moment of sight, the words: —

Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-faced Youth is ever on the wing!

Now this is a sentiment. The youth might walk straight off the page before the foot-lights, go on for Joseph Surface, and provoke, indirectly, Sir Peter Teazle's imprecation. He belongs to the period at which were current coin, not flouted "token-

pieces," those little classic bits which we now call *delectus* quotations; such as *Nemo mortalium omnibus boris sapit*, — *Ingenuus didicisse fideliter artes*, &c. — *Sic vos non vobis*, &c. — and all the rest of them. If Colonel Newcome had met him, he would have broken out directly, "*Emollunt mores*," — and if Clive (who, by-the-by, was not born) or any one else had pulled his coat-tail, it would have been because of the bad syntax, and not because it was *mauvais ton* to be sentimental. Now-a-days it would be *mauvais ton*. If a young man, ever so well dressed, were to go about saying, as opportunity offered, "Virtue rewards her followers," or "Ingratitude to parents is base," he would not be thought a prize by affectionate mothers with marriageable daughters. But in the days when Lindley Murray wrote his Grammar, it seems to have been a proper part of a polite education to instil into the minds of youth at every chance, — by way of "example" in grammar for instance — maxims in morals or theology. As — "The sun that rolls over our heads, the food that we eat, and the rest that we enjoy, daily admonish us of a benevolent, superintending power!" (is that correctly quoted, young shaver?) To such a length, indeed, was the taste for these little statements of opinion carried, that almost anything, however obvious, was made to fall into the mode of the Sentiment proper, and do duty for it. As — "Gold is corrupting; the sea is green; a lion is bold," — which is also in Murray's grammar.

In modern times we have changed all that. If a person were to contribute to a conversation the sentiment, "We should ever heed the voice of nature," he would be thought as much out of order as Mr. F.'s aunt — "There's milestones on the Dover road." We learn now to epigram and banter rather than to sentiment and maxim. In point of fact, we have no means of telling whether there ever really was any considerable number of people who went about in society saying fine things, but who never did them; or whether, on the other hand, there ever was a large class of listeners who were predisposed to believe in the goodness of the people who went about uttering the maxims. But we must bear in mind that there was scarcely any popular literature in those days, and comparatively very little associated effort. At present the public hires and fees a class — the literary class — to do the sentiment for it, as much as it wants done; and, besides, there are so many opportunities for "sentimental" ac-

tivity, that the excuse for mere talk is less. It is difficult not to believe, reading old-fashioned books, and looking at old-fashioned prints, that there was a real difference. There is a particular print, now in my mind, which I once saw at a broker's shop in a back street. It belongs to about the first days of the Regency, or a few years before; just about when Dr. Buchan was writing his *Domestic Medicine*, I should say. It is dedicated to the President or something of the Royal Humane Society, and represents a young man who had been half drowned restored to his friends, alive. Of course there is a "scene." All the female figures have short-waisted frocks; all the males have knee-breeches, and long hair — except those who have wigs. And they have all, I think, their hands upraised and their mouths open. They are all uttering sentiments, I presume — which, now-a-days, a newspaper paragraph would probably have uttered for them. Indeed, everybody must have noticed that in the caricatures of those days, and even so recently as those of H. B., sentiments were openly put into the mouths of the people represented in pictures. You see a bladder-shaped scroll issuing from the mouth, and the speech is written inside the scroll. When we make a caricature, we put the speeches at the bottom, if anywhere, like scraps of comedy dialogue. But in the majority of cases there is so complete an under-current of intelligence on the spectator's part presupposed that no sentiment at all is expressed. It is the same in social intercourse. We no more want a man to tell us that Virtue rewards her followers than that Queen Anne is dead. Three-fourths, perhaps, of every company do not believe Virtue does reward her followers; those who do believe it take a mutual understanding for granted.

The established use of the word Sentimental as a term of reproach in our own days deserves a little serious attention.

There are certain currents of sensation which have their origin in the strongest and deepest emotions of which we are capable. The symmetrical play of these currents connects itself with the highest forms of beauty and sublimity. The most momentous of moral truths — namely, that through suffering we may reach the highest pinnacles of Life — shines, reflected like a star, in all these currents. When they flow forth to action, obedient to the voice of God, men and angels desire to look into these things. But a certain facility in the nervous and glandular systems of some people permits the

voluntary self-conscious awakening of these currents, at points far distant from their deeper sources, and distant, too, from any possible ends of noble action. To wake them up by artificial excitement becomes a sort of depraved pleasure to weak, thin natures, which shun the test of duty. They may do it by talking, by reading, by reverie, by drinking, by music, by trivial, petty philanthropisings, by the abuse of "religious" services, and in other ways. When this happens we are offended, and justly offended. It is self-injury, sacrilege, and insult all at once. It is, at best, a voluptuous indecency. Could a poet translate the crime into images of thought? Yes; but nobody could bear to hear him recite them.

A person, then, who is "sentimental" in this way is a proper object of disapprobation; perhaps dislike. He not only lowers himself; he does what he can to lessen the grounds of our reliance in the most desperate situations of humanity. Relaxing his own character, he sets a bad example, too; and, worse still, makes liable to the ridicule of the sons of Belial whatever an oath can be sworn by in the heavens above or in the earth beneath.

What, then, in the just and noble meaning, is Sentiment? It is the backwater of mighty feeling. It is what is left behind by the high tides of the great primitive emotions. It is the memory of passion. It is the ingrained colouring of thought. To discharge thought of that colouring is impossible; but a good many people who abuse "Sentimentalism" seem as if they would like to do just that impossible thing. Thus, they have a cold sneer ready for us if we speak of the sacredness of life, the majesty of human nature, the beauty of a minister's love, or the innocence of childhood. Thus, Jeremy Bentham, mentioning that Constantine forbade the branding of criminals on the face because it was a violation of the law of nature to disfigure the majesty of the human countenance, exclaims, with disgust, "The majesty of the face of a scoundrel!" But Bentham mistook; and so do other writers of his school. If there was no "majesty" of which a scoundrel was capable, then there was nothing to make it worth our while to discipline him. If there was, it was our duty to create or to increase any degree of incapacity on his part, or anybody else's part. You shall not, said the Hebrew code, give more than forty blows in punishment, lest thy brother seem vile unto thee.* And here is a short passage, not unconstructive, from another tale by Mary Wollstone-

craft Godwin*: "After a violent debauch he would let his beard grow, and the sadness that reigned in the house I shall never forget: he was ashamed to meet even the eyes of his children. *This is so contrary to the nature of things that it gave me exquisite pain; I used at those times to show him extreme respect.*" An amusing idea, is it not, to show "extreme respect" to a wrongdoer? to show all the more because of his wrong-doing, our grief that an Unseen Majesty should be wronged? As amusing as the idea of a child, for example, who has never been addressed with an overbearing word, whose body has never been touched, or even approached, except with respectful tenderness! But I must not allow a passing illustration to carry me out of the direct line of what I was saying. There is no guidance to anything but death, decay, and rottenness, for either individuals or nations, in thought which pretends to have discharged itself of the colouring-matter of Sentiment. If once we have really ceased to hear the murmur of the infinite, beautiful ocean in the shell, we soon fling the shell away, and it is trodden underfoot of men. There is not an act of our lives — no, not one — into which it is not the interest of every human being to import as much as possible of that diffused sense of Terror, Mystery, Beauty, and Tenderness, which is the nature of true Sentiment.

To suppose that this diffused sense of whatever makes our little lives worth while, implies any mean flinching from pain — our own, or that of others — is a great mistake. The Aristotelian virtue of Tragedy — the *παθητικὴν καθάρσιν* — assuredly contemplated nothing so weak. It is well known, as a matter of fact, that the highest tragedy, deeply as it moves one, does not move to tears; which are always a relief, sometimes a positive pleasure. What Englishman or Englishwoman cries at *Lear*, at *Macbeth*, or at *Hamlet*? When did the reading or the representation of them ever effeeble for action or dispose to anything that was bad? The rule by the observance of which Art, in all its kind, must escape false Sentiment, will present itself in another Essay. For this time, it will be enough to say that Sentiment is the diffused sense which makes it possible for Art to address us at all;

* This writer is appropriately quoted here, because, though she belonged to the time when the word "sentimental" was respectable, and uses it as a term of praise, she was, in fact, what many people would now call an anti-sentimentalist; and she hits hard too.

and that Morality, or Civil Polity without Art (implied, at least, as possible and desirable) must as inevitably tend to corruption as Art without Morality; or either, or all, without Religion. In other words, we cannot banish Sentiment from the *atmosphere* of any region of human life.

It is certain, again, from the nature of the case, that *false* Sentiment can never be banished from any community until Art has taken its true place in the circle of existence. This may appear a barren proposition, because Art and Sentiment must react upon each other — but so do all things. To beautify life is so great a problem, and there are so few likely to address themselves to it, that I have observed, for some years past, with unspeakable horror — with a ceaseless incubus of dread, so to speak — a growing tendency to make light of Sentiment. This is, in other words, to brutalise existence. Is this what we want, then? Did you ever go into a music-hall, or a low place of worship, and look round upon the coarse, sodden faces there? If so, does it seem to you that to preach down Sentiment is precisely what is required? “No,” you perhaps reply, “but let Sentiment keep its place — and Jurisprudence, for example, is not one of them. That is all.” Pardon me, it is not all. If we had, or could have, a perfect machinery of life, it might be; but, in the meanwhile, we must import our checks and compensations from where we can, and as we can — not violating principles, but acknowledging that compensations are *what* they are. Again, we should all consider not only what we mean, but what we shall be *taken* to mean, by the majority of those who are reached by our words. Now dare we say that the majority of our fellow-creatures are disposed to be over sentimental? “My British brethren and sisters, I find that you are in all things too artistic, too finely-fibred, too full of sentiment,” — *there* would be an exordium for a popular discourse; and who cannot see, in a reporter’s parenthesis “(shouts of laughter)?” No, no: this will never do. We are entitled to put concerning anything and everything, the homely question, fetched from laundry experience of colours that are not “fast” — *will it wash?* But whatever *will* wash, whatever stands the labour-test, we must respect in the first place; and then, if it be a source of delight, increase if we can; especially if the delight be of an ascending order. The useful encourages itself: let us, as old Goethe said, encourage the beautiful; and, so long as Pandora’s box remains unshut, and the brood abroad, let us not

give up our right to gather in compensation, as we may, from the suggestions of that sense of Mystery and Loveliness which, propagated in gradually lessening pulses from shocks of emotion in sight of great facts like Death, Love, Birth, and diffusing itself in endlessly recruiting tides over human existence, takes the name of Sentiment.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

From the Argosy.

THE CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.

“*THE Chil menzili Turkestan*, or the Forty Stations across the desert of Turkestan,” I often heard my friends say, “are far more troublesome and much more difficult to get over than the *Chil menzili Arabistan*, or the Forty Stations on the Pilgrims’ route from Damascus to Mecca. On this last one finds every day fresh cisterns, which furnish drinkable water for thousands; the pilgrim is sure to get fresh bread, a good dish of pilaw or meat, cool shade, and all the comforts he longs for after the exhausting day’s march. But on the former route, man has done nothing for the support of the poor traveller. He is in constant danger of dying from thirst, of being murdered, of being sold as a slave, of being robbed, or of being buried alive under the burning sand-storm. Well-filled water-skins and flour sacks, the best horses and arms, often become useless, and there is nothing left to one but to strive to get forward as fast as possible, while invoking the name of Allah.”

The readers of my *Travels in Central Asia*, may be supposed to have some idea of the awfully imposing journey from Persia to the Oasis-lands of Turkestan. I may here furnish a few additional particulars about the experience of our caravan. I have several times being blamed for being too concise to be graphic, and this charge, I confess, is not altogether undeserved. I propose here to make up for my faults of omission.

During the first three days’ march, the impressive, endless silence of the desert — a silence as of the grave — cast a most powerful spell over my soul. Often did I stare vacantly for hours, my eyes fixed on the distance before me, and, as my companions believed me to be sunk in religious meditations, I was very seldom disturbed. I only half observed how, during the march, certain mem-

bers of our caravan nodded in sleep on the backs of their camels, and by their ludicrous movements and sudden starts, afforded our company exquisite amusement. Any one overcome with sleep, would lay hold of the high pommel of the saddle with both hands, but this did not prevent him from either, with a forward lurch, knocking his chin with such force that all his teeth chattered, or, by a backward one, threatening to fall with a sommersault to the ground. Indeed this last often happened, arousing the hearty laughter of the whole party. The fallen became the hero of the day, and had to support the most galling fire of jokes on his awkwardness.

The most inexhaustible fountain of cheerfulness was a young Turkoman, named Niyazbirdi, who possessed no less liveliness of spirits than agility of body, and by every word and movement contrived to draw laughter from the most venerable of the Mollahs. Although he was owner of several laden camels, he was, nevertheless, for most part, accustomed to go on foot, and running now right, now left, he alarmed by cries or gestures any group of wild asses that showed themselves along our route. Once, indeed, he succeeded in getting hold of a young wild ass, which, through fatigue, had loitered behind the rest. The young shy creature was led along by a rope, and was the occasion of really droll scenes, when its lucky captor gave a prize of three spoonfuls of sheepstail fat to any one who dared to mount it. Three spoonfuls of mutton fat is a tempting prize for Hadjis in the desert, so that many were seduced by the prospect of gaining it. Nevertheless they could make nothing of this uncivilized brother of Balaam's charger, for the unfortunate Hadjis had no sooner seated themselves on its back than they were stretched sprawling in the sand.

Only after a march of several hours is general weariness to be remarked. All eyes are then turned towards the *Kervan bashi*, whose gaze at such a time wanders in every direction to spy out a suitable halting-place, that is to say, one which will afford most plentiful fodder for the camels. No sooner has he found such, than he himself hastens towards it, while the younger members of the caravan disperse themselves to right and left to collect dried roots, or scrub, or other fuel. Dismounting, unpacking, and settling down is the work of a few moments. The hope of much-desired rest restores the exhausted strength. With speed the ropes are slackened, with speed the heaviest bales of merchandize are piled up in little heaps, in whose shade the wearied

traveller is accustomed to stretch himself. Scarcely have the hungry camels betaken themselves to their pasture-ground, when a solemn stillness fills the caravan. This stillness is, I may say, a sort of intoxication, for every one revels in the enjoyment of rest and refreshment.

The picture of a newly-encamped caravan in the summer months, and on the steppes of Central Asia, is a truly interesting one. While the camels, in the distance but still in sight, graze greedily, or crush the juicy thistles, the travellers, even the poorest among them, sit with their tea-cups in their hands, and eagerly sip the costly beverage. It is nothing more than a greenish warm water, innocent of sugar, and often decidedly turbid; still human art has discovered no food, has invented no nectar, which is so grateful, so refreshing in the desert as this unpretending drink. I have still a vivid recollection of its wonder-working effects. As I sipped the first drops, a soft fire filled my veins, a fire which enlivened without intoxicating. The later draughts affected both heart and head; the eye became peculiarly bright and began to gleam. In such moments I felt an indescribable rapture and sense of comfort. My companions sank in sleep; I could keep myself awake and dream with open eyes.

After the tea had restored their strength, the caravan becomes gradually busier and noisier. They eat in groups or circles which are here called *koosz*, which represent the several houses of the wandering town. Everywhere there is something to be done, and everywhere it is the younger men who are doing it, while their elders are smoking. Here they are baking bread. A Hadji in rags is actively kneading the black dough with dirty hands. He has been so engaged for half an hour, and still his hands are not clean, for one mass of dough cannot absorb the accumulations of several days. There they are cooking. In order to know what is being cooked, it is not necessary to look round. The smell of mutton-fat, but especially the aroma, somewhat too piquant, of camel or horse cutlets, tells its own tale. Nor have the dishes when cooked anything inviting to the eye. But in the desert a man does not disturb himself about such trifles. An enormous appetite covers a multitude of faults, and hunger is notoriously the best of sauces.

Nor are amusements wanting in the caravan-camp when the halt is somewhat prolonged. The most popular recreation is shooting at a mark, in which the prize is always a certain quantity of powder and

shot. This sort of diversion was very seldom possible in our caravan, as on account of our small numbers we were in continual danger, and had therefore to make ourselves heard as little as possible. My comrades were accustomed to pass their leisure time in reading the Koran, in performance of other religious exercise, in sleeping, or in attending to their toilette. I say "toilette," but it is to be hoped that no one will here understand the word to imply a boudoir, delicate perfumes, or artistical aids. The Turkomans are accustomed to pluck out the hair of the beard with small pincers. As to the toilette of the Hadjis, and, indeed, my own, it is so simple and so prosaic as to be scarcely worth alluding to. The necessary requisites were sand, fire, and ants. The manner of application I leave as a riddle for the reader to solve.

Certainly, of all the nations of Asia, the Tartar seems to fit in most appropriately with the bizarre picture of desert life. Full of superstition, and a blind fatalist, he can easily support the constant dread of danger. Dirt, poverty, and privations he is accustomed to, even at home. No wonder then that he sits content in clothes which have not been changed for months, and with a crust of dirt on his face. This inner peace of mind could never become a matter of indifference to me. At evening prayers, in which the whole company took part, this peace of mind struck me most forcibly, and I thanked God for the benefits they enjoyed. On such occasions the whole caravan formed itself into a single line, at whose head stood an imâm, who turned towards the setting sun and led the prayers. The solemnity of the moment was increased by the stillness which prevailed far and wide, and if the rays of the sinking sun lit up the faces of my companions, so wild yet withal so well satisfied, they seemed to be in the possession of all earthly good, and had nothing left them to wish. Often I could not help thinking what would these people feel if they found themselves leaning against the comfortable cushions of a first-class railway carriage, or amid the luxuries of a well-appointed hotel. How distant, how far distant are the blessings of civilization from these countries!

So much for the life of the caravan by day. By night the desert is more romantic, but at the same time more dangerous. As the power of sight is now limited, the circle of safety is contracted to the most immediate neighbourhood; and both during the march and in the encampment every one tries to keep as close as possible to his fel-

lows. By day the caravan consisted of but one long chain; by night this is broken up into six or eight smaller ones, which, marching close together, form a compact square, of which the outmost lines are occupied by the stoutest and boldest. By moonlight the shadow of the camels as they stalk along produces a curious and impressive effect. During the dark starless night everything is full of horror, and to go one step distant from the side of the caravan is equivalent to leaving the home circle to plunge into a desolate solitude. In the halt by day each one occupies whichever place may please him best. At night, on the contrary, a compact camp is formed under the direction of the *Kervan bashi*. The bales of goods are heaped up in the middle; around them lie the men; while without, as a wall of defence, the camels are laid, tightly packed together, in a circle. I say laid, for these wonderful animals squat down at the word of command, remain the whole night motionless in their place, and, like children, do not get up the next morning until they are told to do so. They are placed with their heads pointing outward and their tails inward, for they perceive the presence of an enemy from far, and give the alarm by a dull rattle in the throat, so that even in their hours of repose they do duty as sentinels. Those who sleep within the *rayon* find themselves in immediate contact with these beasts, and, as is well known, they have not the pleasantest smell. It often happens that the saline fodder and water which these animals feed upon produce palpable consequences for such as sleep in their immediate neighbourhood. I myself often woke up with such frescoes. But no one takes any notice of such things, for who could be angry with these animals who, although ugly in appearance, are so patient, so temperate, so good-tempered, and so useful?

It is no wonder that the wanderers over the desert praise the camel as surpassing all other beasts of the field, and even love it with an almost adoring affection. Nourished on a few thorns and thistles, which other quadrupeds reject, it traverses the wastes for weeks, nay, often for months together. In these dreary, desolate regions, the existence of man depends upon that of the camel. It is besides so patient and so obedient that a child can with one "*tshuck*" make a whole herd of these tall strong beasts kneel down, and with a "*berrr*" get up again. How much could I not read in their large dark blue eyes. When the march is too long or the sand too deep, they are accustomed to express their discomfort

and weariness. This is especially when they are being laden, if too heavy bales are piled upon their backs. Bending under the burden, they turn their heads round towards their master; in their eyes gleam tears, and their groans, so deep, so piteous, seem to say, "Man, have compassion upon us!"

Except during a particular season of the year, when through the operation of the laws of nature it is in a half-intoxicated, half-stupefied condition, the camel has always a striking expression of seriousness. It is impossible not to recognize in its features the Chaldee-aramæan type, and in whatever portions of the earth he may be found at the present day his original home is unquestionably Mesopotamia and the Arabian desert. The Turkomans disturb this serious expression of countenance by the barbarous manner in which they arrange the leading-rope through the bored nose. With the string hanging down to the chest, the camel resembles an European dandy armed with his lorgnon. Both of them hold their heads high in the air, and both are alike led by the nose.

As the word of command to encamp is enlivening and acceptable, so grievous, so disturbing, is the signal for getting ready to start. The *Kervan bashi* is the first to rouse himself. At his call or sign all prepare for the journey. Even the poor camels in the pastures understand it, and often hasten without being driven to the caravan; nay, what is more extraordinary, they place themselves close to the bales of merchandise with which they were before laden, or the persons who were mounted on them. In a quarter of an hour everybody has found his place in the line of march. At the halting-place there remains nothing but a few bones, gnawed clean, and the charred traces of the improvised hearths. These marks of human life in the desert often disappear as quickly as they were produced; sometimes, however, they are preserved through climatic accidents for a long time; and succeeding travellers are cheered by falling in with these abandoned fireplaces. The black charred spot seems to their eyes like a splendid *caravanserai*, and the thought that here human beings have been, that here life once was active, makes even the vast solitude of the desert more like home.

Speaking of these spots where a fire has been kindled, I am reminded of those vast burnt plains, often many days march' in extent, which I met with in the desert between Persia and China, and of which I heard so many wonderful tales from the mouths of

the nomads. During the hot season of the year, when the scorching sun has dried shrubs and grass till they have become like tinder, it often happens that a spark, carelessly dropped, and fanned by the wind, will set the steppe on fire. The flame, finding ever fresh fuel, spreads with such fearful rapidity that a man on horseback can with difficulty escape. It rolls over the scanty herbage like an overflowing stream, and, when it meets with thicket and shrubs, it flares up with wild wrath. Thus traversing large tracts of country in a short time, its raging course can only be checked by a river or a lake. At night such conflagrations must present a terrible appearance, when far and wide the horizon is lit up with a sea of flame. Even the bravest heart loses its courage at the appalling sight. The cowardly and hesitating are soon destroyed, but one who has sufficient presence of mind can save himself, if, while the flames are yet a great way off, he kindle the grass in his neighbourhood. He thus lays waste a space in which the approaching fire can find no sustenance, and in this he himself takes refuge. Thus only with fire can man contend against fire with success.

This weapon is often used by one tribe against another, and the desolation thus caused is terrible. It is often used by a runaway couple to secure themselves against pursuit. As long as no wind blows they can easily fly before the slowly advancing fire, but it often happens that the flames are hurried forward by the least breath of wind and the fugitives find a united death in the very means they had taken to secure their safety.

It is remarkable that the imposing aspects and most frequent natural phenomena of the desert do not fail to impress even the nomads who habitually witness them. As we were crossing the high plateau of Kaffan Kir, which forms part of Ustijort, running toward the north-east, the horizon was often adorned with the most beautiful Fata Morgana. This phenomenon is undoubtedly to be seen in the greatest perfection in the hot, but dry, atmosphere of the deserts of Central Asia, and affords the most splendid optical illusions which can imagine. I was always enchanted with these pictures of cities, towers, and castles dancing in the air, of vast caravans, horsemen engaged in combat, and individual gigantic forms which continually disappeared from one place to re-appear in another. As for my nomad companions they regarded the neighbourhoods where these phenomena are observed with no little awe. According to their opinion

these are the ghosts of men and cities which formerly existed there, and now at certain times roll about in the air. Nay, our *Kervan bashi* asserted that he also saw the same figures in the same places, and that we ourselves, if we should be lost in the desert, would after a term of years begin to hop about and dance in the air over the spot where we had perished.

These legends, which are continually to be heard among the nomads, and relate to a supposed lost civilization in the desert, are not far removed from the new European theory which maintains that such tracts of country have sunk into their present desolation, not so much through the operation of natural laws as through changes in their social state. As examples are cited the Great Sahara of Africa and the desert of Central Arabia, where cultivable land is not so much wanting as industrious hands. As regards these last countries the assertion is probably not without some truth, but it certainly cannot be extended to the deserts of Central Asia. On certain spots, as Mero, Mangishlak, Ghergen, and Otrar, there was in the last century more cultivation than at present, but taken as the whole these Asiatic steppes were always, as far back as the memory of man goes, howling wildernesses. The vast tracts which stretch for many days' journeys without one drop of drinkable water, the expanses many hundred miles in extent of deep loose sand, the extreme violence of the climate, and such like obstacles, defy even modern art and science to cope with them. "God," said a Central Asiatic to me, "created Turkestan and its inhabitants in his wrath; for as long as the bitter, saline taste of their springs exist, so long will the hearts of the Turkomans be full of anger and malice."

ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

From The Fortnightly Review.

IN THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

THROUGH the fertile vine hills, and over the broad extended plains of Burgundy — by Dijon, Maçon, Culoz, Chambéry, and Aix — winding gracefully around, and suddenly darting into and out of tunnels on the borders of the lovely, lonely lake of Bourgy, and then along the banks of the Arc — the railway train, in its progress from Paris toward Turin, finally arrives

at the little Savoyard village of St. Michel. Here the railway terminates; and, consigned to the very untender mercies of the shaky diligence, the traveller, after a drive of twenty-five miles through the barren valley, reaches Lans-le-Bourg, at the foot of Mont Cenis; and crossing this to Susa, there again takes rail, and on to Turin. In a little more than four years hence, if no unforeseen event occur, this route will be materially changed, and voyagers, giving St. Michel with its dingy houses and bad dinners the go-by, and continuing in the railway wagon up the banks of the Arc, will take a turn at Modane, ten miles up the valley, and instead of scaling the Alps, will go rushing through their stony heart.

The Arc, rising in the Alps near Mont Cenis, pours down the valley which bears its name, and empties into the Isere, near Chamouset. Near the little hamlet of Fourneaux, eight miles from St. Michel, the river makes a bend in a southerly direction. Upon the opposite side of the Alps, in the valley watered by the Dora-Ripeira, the Dora very accommodatingly also makes a bend towards the north; and thus, at these two points, the valleys of the Dora and the Arc make the nearest approach to each other in all their course. Here, in these two secluded little nooks, they seem to have had a fancy for making each other's acquaintance, and each here made advances as far as not merely propriety, but Nature herself permitted. But the rugged, frowning, unsympathetic Alps stood sentinel and barrier between them, and roughly rejecting their cooing and wooing, turned them off again in different directions, each to pursue its own course toward the mighty sea. This barrier, skill, science, enterprise, and determination are rapidly breaking down, and before many years shall have passed we may reasonably hope that the Dora and the Arc, though not indeed permitted to mingle their waters together in joy, will be firmly and for ever united in the bands of iron.

It was owing to this proximity of the two valleys at those points that Fourneaux upon the French, and Bardonnèche upon the Italian side, were selected as the entrances and termini of the great Alpine tunnel. It was found that a straight line between them and through the Alps would measure 12,220 mètres, or 13,577 yards, about seven and seven-tenths miles. Fourneaux and Bardonnèche were also happily situated for a convenient junction with the railways already constructed, and the geological character of the mountain itself was

found to be a favourable one for penetration.

It was not until some years after it was decided that the tunnel should be excavated that the work was actually commenced. In and out of the Italian Parliament, by scientific men, professors and laymen, all sorts of objections were made to its practicability, all kinds of horrible possibilities were imagined, as obstacles in its way. Rock might be struck of so impenetrable a nature that the keenest-tempered instruments would be battered and turned aside without making upon it the slightest impression; so hard, that charges of powder, no matter how heavy, would be blown from it, as they would from the mouth of a cannon, without detaching or even shivering the surrounding mass. Immense subterranean caverns and yawning chasms, and abysses reaching down to Hades itself, might be encountered. Large lakes might be unbosomed, and rivers might come pouring through fissures in the rock; and not only drown all the workmen, but, rushing through the tunnel on either side, overwhelm the valleys of the Dora and the Arc. Fire itself might be encountered, and the workmen suffocated with poisonous gases. These were some of the imagined and imaginary difficulties in the way of the commencement and completion of the enterprise; but there were others of a much more practical, and therefore formidable nature to be overcome. The usual mode of making tunnels is by sinking vertical shafts or wells at convenient distances, and working through from one to the other. Here, however, that would have been utterly impracticable. It was found that at a distance of 722 yards from the mouth, a well must have been 1,000 feet in depth; at 3,000 yards, 3,593 feet; and at 6,333 yards, nearly half the length of the tunnel, a vertical shaft must have been 5,400 feet deep—a well which by the ordinary processes would require nearly forty years to dig. In case the shafts were made oblique, instead of vertical, they would have been almost as long as the tunnel itself. There was then but one way to open this, and that was by attacking it at the two ends—the mountain at its two opposite bases. But here arose another difficulty. How were labourers to be supplied with air at a distance of more than three miles in the bowels of the earth? In tunnelling by hand, fifty or sixty years would have passed away before the completion of this work, and some more rapid process must be applied. Steam, the ordinary motive power,

requires fire to generate it, and fire feeds upon air. It was evident that this could not be made use of, and that a new motive power must be applied. A happy combination of circumstances led to this result.

An English engineer, named Bartlett, had invented a perforating apparatus which, being set in motion by steam-power, drove a drill like a battering-ram against the face of the rock, in time making a hole deep and large enough to be charged with powder. Three Italian engineers, Messrs. Sommellier, Grandis, and Grattoni, were at about the same time experimenting upon compressed air as a motive power, with the immediate object of applying it to the propulsion of railway trains up a steep incline in the Apennines. It occurred to these gentlemen that, could a combination be made of their motive power and Bartlett's apparatus, the result would be precisely the machine for boring a tunnel through the Alps. The motive power would cost nothing, and instead of consuming air, would supply it to the workmen. Years of labour and of thought were expended in contriving, combining, and experimenting; and the result has been the perforating machine, moved by common air compressed to one-sixth its natural bulk, and consequently when set free exercising an expansive force equal to that of six atmospheres, which are now working their way through the Alps at the rate of three yards a day. The work was commenced by hand at Bardonnèche in 1857, and continued till 1861, when the perforators were introduced, after about 900 yards had been accomplished. It was not, however, until 1863 that the perforators entered upon the French side, the intermediate time having been occupied in erecting dwellings for the workmen, machine shops, and all the appliances necessary for such an immense undertaking.

Provided with a "permit" to visit the tunnel and inspect the air-compressing machinery, I arrived at Fourneaux on the afternoon of the 19th of October, the permission being available for the following day. Formerly all visitors who presented themselves were freely admitted, but as the tunnel advanced farther and farther in its progress through the mountain, the danger attending the entrance of strangers, and the annoyance thereby caused to the workmen, rendered it necessary that some more strict rule should be adopted. At present permissions are granted but for the fifth and twentieth of each month, and then only upon application to the "Direzione Tecnica del traforo dello Alpi," at Turin.

Fourneaux, on the high road from St. Michel to Lans-le-Bourg, and about eight miles from the former, I found a miserable little village in a narrow part of the valley, built partly on the river bank, but principally upon the hill side. Nature here, wild and rugged as it is, is grandly beautiful. The Grand Vallon, beneath whose summit the tunnel is to run, raises its lofty snow-bonneted head 11,000 feet above the level of the sea into the sky. By the side of it is Charmey, its summit now also crowned with a recent fall of snow, which has whitened the branches of the mountain firs growing up to the very top. Down the mountain reach the firs and pines, darkly, almost blackly green. Mingled with them are less hardy trees, their leaves ruddy with the hues of autumn; and fruit-covered barberry bushes, which give a rich variegated colour to the hill-side. All around are piled up the Alps, rising one above the other; and at either extremity of vision, looking up or down the valley, it seems shut in by these eternal mountains. It was nearly dark, and the lengthening shadows were rapidly crawling up the mountain side, and departing sunlight was tinging the summits with that rich creamy hue which dying daylight impresses upon snow. I had but time to take a general view of Fourneaux and its surroundings when darkness, which sets in early in these valleys, came down and shut it out. A better dinner than I supposed could be obtained in the uninviting little auberge in which I had installed myself, and a bottle of tolerable Savoy wine, prepared me for a night of rest; and the mountain torrent of Charmey which came tumbling directly beneath my window, soon lulled me to sleep with its rude monotonous music.

The "Mont Cenis" tunnel, as this is usually called, is an egregious misnomer, Mont Cenis being distant at least sixteen miles from the French, and twenty from the Italian entrance. The line of the tunnel passes beneath three peaks, respectively called the "Col Frejus," the "Grand Vallon," and the "Col de la Roue," the first being upon the French and the latter upon the Italian slope, and the Grand Vallon at nearly an equal distance between the two. Mont Cenis, being the best known of any of the range in this vicinity, will doubtless continue to carry off the honours. In behalf, however, of modest merit, which, the poet says, "seeks the shade" (and if this be true, the Col Frejus should possess an immense deal of that valuable quality, as it has certainly sought out about the "shadiest" position in the entire valley), I desire

to put upon record its claim against the recognized one of its loftier and more aspiring neighbour.

The first visit we made in the morning was to the air-compressing establishment, situated half a mile from the mouth of the tunnel, and on the banks of the Arc. Without diagrams, and even with them, the unscientific reader would fail fully to comprehend the structure and action of the powerful and delicate machinery here employed. Twenty iron pipes or tubes, giving the *ensemble* the appearance of a huge organ, stand upright at a height of thirty feet in the air; in these, by an oscillating motion, caused by the rise and fall of water, common air is compressed to one-sixth its natural bulk. This rise and fall is caused by a series of pistons working in the tubes. As the piston ascends it pushes the water before it, and this in turn compresses the air and chases it into a reservoir. As it descends, a valve near the top is opened, through which the common air rushes to supply the vacuum, and this in turn is compressed and pushed into the reservoir. The pistons are worked by water-wheels; and thus one force which costs nothing is made to manufacture from the surrounding atmosphere a power which is now boring through the hardest rock. From the reservoir an iron pipe eight inches in diameter, in sections eight feet in length, the joints being rendered airtight by cushions of caoutchouc, and laid upon the tops of stone posts, conveys the compressed air along the roadside till nearly opposite the mouth of the tunnel, where, taking a sharp turn, it follows a steep incline, upon which a double track railway is laid, up to the entrance. We followed the course of the pipe up this incline, upon which the "kangaroo wagons" (so called on account of their peculiar construction, the two front wheels being made lower than the hind ones, giving the waggon the appearance of a kangaroo) were mounting, heavily laden with stone, cut for the mason-work of the tunnel. Four hundred and fifty-eight steep stone steps brought us up on a large artificial plateau, formed by the *debris* brought from out the excavation and shot down the mountain side.

Nothing seemed so surprising, and nothing could be so likely to astonish the general observer, as the fact that the mouth of the tunnel is at a distance of 105 metres, or 340 feet above the level of the valley. The reason, however, is evident enough when the facts of the case are known. The two opposite valleys of the Arc and the Dora differ in their heights above the level of the

sea — the former being at an elevation of 1,202 mètres and a fraction, while the latter has an elevation of 1,335. A line, therefore, run straight from the base of the mountain on the Bardonnèche, or most elevated side, would emerge upon the Fourneaux side at a distance of 132 mètres above the valley. This difference is to be compensated for, and it is done by commencing the tunnel on this side at an elevation of 105 mètres, and giving a much steeper grade from the north end to the centre than from the other, the grade in the one case being 0.22 to the metre, and in the other but 0.0005.

Arrived at the entrance, I delivered my letter to Signore Genesio, the director of the workmen, who invited me into his bureau, where he called my attention to a caoutchouc coat reaching nearly to the heels, and which he recommended me to put on. We then went to the mouth of the tunnel, where, each receiving from the custodian a lighted lamp, attached to a wire about eighteen inches in length, we commenced our journey into "the bowels of the earth."

The entrance does not materially differ in appearance from that of ordinary railway tunnels. It is here built up and faced with solid masonry, and is 25 feet $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide at the base, 26 feet $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches at the broadest part, and 24 feet 7 inches high. A double railway track emerges from the mouth, wagons loaded with *débris* were coming out; and others, filled with cut stones for the mason-work, drills, and other working utensils, going in. As we entered, the only light we could see ahead was a gas jet blazing in the distance. Along either side of the tunnel here is a *trottoir* of flagstones, upon which we walked, lighting a path for our feet with the lamp which hung near them. The air-conduit is ranged along the side of the gallery, while in the middle of the tunnel, between the two lines of rails, a canal has been dug, through which the gas and water pipes are conveyed to the end of the gallery. This canal is wide and deep enough to afford a refuge for the workmen and a means of exit in case the tunnel should be filled by a fall of the crumbling rock above. The masonry on either side was damp, and in many places little streams came trickling through it, and it occurred to me that in time this constant percolation must inevitably wear away the cement which binds the blocks of stone together, and undermine the vault. Overhead the masonry is not visible, nothing being seen but a wooden partition, dividing the tunnel

into two equal galleries above and below. The object of this, which is only temporary, is to create a current, the rarefied air from the lower gallery rising and rushing out through the upper, while fresh air comes in to the lower one to supply its place. As yet this partition extends only a short distance, and is not of much practical value.

We passed the gas jet, and looking before us, saw nothing but the most impenetrable darkness; and looking behind, I observed the entrance gradually growing smaller, until after I had continually turned and watched it till it had dwindled down to the apparent size of an apple, it suddenly dropped out of sight, as the sun sinks below the horizon in a calm summer sea. Peering then in either direction, I saw only impenetrable darkness. I use the word "saw" advisedly, for this darkness here in the bowels of the earth seemed to be palpable and ponderable — something more than what the philosophers define as a mere absence of light — something heavier and more solid than a negative — a real positive entity, which it seemed to me I could feel pressing against and around me, as, guided by the flaring flame of our lamps, we forced our way through it. Upon inquiring of my guide how far we had reached, he called my attention to a little notch in the wall, where the distance was marked 1,000 metres, or about two-thirds of a mile.

A dull rumbling sound attracted my attention; and in the distance, but seeming miles away, lights were dancing up and down in the murky air, as the *feu follet*, or wildfire, dances and flits in summer evenings over marshes, bogs, and fens. These were the lamps carried by some workmen going out, and a waggon loaded with *débris* soon came rolling by us. Up to this time I had experienced no particular difficulty in breathing, — a sensation only that the air was unnatural and dank, like that in a cellar. As we advanced, however, it began to grow hot and stifling, and we entered a thick yellow fog, redolent of the fumes of gunpowder — which, indeed, it was, seeking its way towards the mouth of the tunnel. This was very disagreeable, almost suffocating, producing a sensation of heaviness upon the brain, a dull headache, and a fearful feeling of dread. As we walked on we saw lights again, dancing like fireflies in the distance, and soon a party of rough, half-naked, smoke-begrimed men, who loomed up in the fog like enormous giants as they approached, passed us on their way from work.

At a distance of 1,670 yards, or nearly a mile from the entrance, we came upon a little cabin, or barrack, built upon one side, and here my guide informed me that the completed portion of the tunnel ended. Entering the cabin, and following his advice and example, I gladly removed coat and vest, covering myself again with the caoutchouc; and, picking and trimming our lamps, we darted again into the darkness. Up to this time it had been plain sailing, walking along with as little difficulty or obstacle as on a side walk in a deserted street. Upon quitting this, however, we entered the gallery in *corso di scavazione*, that portion of the tunnel which, having been opened by the perforating machines, was now being enlarged by the ordinary hand process. Here there was no longer any *trottoir*, and picking our way over piles of rocks, which looked as though they had been thrown in confusion by giants at play, dodging wagons passing in and out, passing groups of swarthy workmen through an atmosphere, yellow, thick and stifling, we at length came upon a group of men standing quietly, as if awaiting something, in front of a heavy oaken door, which closed the passage in advance of us. My guide said we must stop here for the present. I imagined the cause, and selecting the softest, smoothest-looking rock, sat down and meditated. Here was I, more than a mile from the mouth of the tunnel, with a mile of Alps piled above my head. The gallery was not more than ten feet wide and seven high, and its roof and sides were of jagged, sharp, protruding rocks, seeming to need but a slight shaking to send them tumbling down about our ears. Suppose they should tumble, and we be all buried alive in this hole in the earth! Suppose some of the predicted rivers or possible lakes should find their way through some aperture just opened, and engulf us now! Suppose the air-pipe should burst, or, worse still, the supply of air be stopped, and we all suffocated! Suppose,—but the thread of my rapidly-crowding hypotheses was broken by a sudden sound which might well, under all the circumstances, have appalled a braver and more firmly constituted man, and which for an instant made me believe that one of my suppositions was about to become a reality. Bang!—but not the sharp cracking “bang” of a heated cannon, or the sound of a rock-blast in the open air,—a dead, dull, rumbling explosion, which reverberated through the gallery, and seemed to give the whole earth a

shake. I started, and involuntarily looked up, as if expecting to see the stony roof give way and tumble. Bang! bang! bang! in rapid succession five or six other blasts were blown; the oaken doors were opened, a huge gust of thick yellow smoke and stifling black gunpowder came rushing toward us, when my guide touched me on the shoulder and said we could now proceed. I uttered an inward “thank God!” that I was really safe, and speedily sprang up and joined him.

Passing beyond the heavy oaken doors, still carefully picking our way over the stones through the gallery, growing lower and narrower at every step, through the smoke we soon discovered a brilliant blaze of gas, and heard a sharp hissing sound. Suddenly we emerged from the heat and smoke, and were breathing an air fresh, sweet, exhilarating, and doubly grateful to the lungs after the deteriorated material upon which they had been feeding. We were in the “advanced gallery” at the end of the tunnel, and before us was the “*affusto*,” bearing its nine perforators, persistently striking and boring their way into the solid rock, scattering around them sparks of fire struck off at every blow.

The gallery here is not quite nine feet in width, and but eight and a half in height. The *affusto*, as the huge structure is called upon which the perforating machines are borne, and which bears precisely the same relation to them that the carriage does to the gun, nearly fills up the entire space. In order to observe the action of the machinery, we were obliged to coast carefully along the side of this heavy wagon, and when arrived at the front, to wedge ourselves between it and the rock, with just space enough to stand in. Here the sights and sounds really became cheerful and pleasant. The gallery is brilliantly lighted; the compressed air, a jet of which is constantly escaping from the conduit pipe, is fresh, cool, and grateful to the wearied lungs; the constant rapid “thud” of the drill as it strikes the rock; the hissing sound of the escaping air; the cries of the workmen to each other, sounding unnaturally loud in this pure air and confined space, all constituted a scene as exciting as it was strange. A feeling of manly pride at the sight and action of these wonderful machines, in the operation of which the powers of nature are made the slaves of man, seems to invade the soul. We forget that we are more than a mile from daylight, and that four thousand feet of Alps are weighing above our heads. We forget dan-

ger and banish fear; and the workmen, thirty-nine of whom are employed upon each *affusto*, seem to have no idea of either. They perform their labour in this little hole with a remarkable sense of security. They seem to play with these huge machines—they put their hands upon and direct the steel bar which strikes the rock, and the powerful instrument which pierces the Alps glides between their fingers like a child's toy. They hop about like toads between the drills, perch themselves upon and under the various parts of the monster machine, and never seem to dream that at any moment some unknown, unlooked-for fissure in the rock may be discovered, and they crushed to atoms by the tumbling mass; or that this powerful agent, which they have made their slave, with its explosive force of six atmospheres, may some time burst its iron fetters and scatter death and destruction around it.

Each perforator, nine of which are at work, is entirely independent of every other, so that when one is placed *hors de combat*, its inability to act does not affect the rest. It is much easier to describe the operation of the perforator and its effects, than the complicated machinery by which it is set in motion. The motive power is conveyed to it from the conduit by a flexible pipe, which throws the compressed air into a cylinder, placed horizontally along the *affusto*. In this cylinder a piston works back and forth, and to this piston is attached a *fleuret* or drill, about three feet long, finely tempered and sharpened at the end. As the piston moves up and down it of course drives the drill against the rock and interdraws it, and by a very delicate and complicated piece of machinery, a rotatory motion, similar to that in hand labour, is given to the drill itself. We arrived in the "advanced gallery" at a very favourable moment, just as a new attack was about being commenced by a perforator. A drill was attached by a flexible joint to the piston-rod; a workman standing upon the front end of the machine held and directed this, as a gardener would the hose of a common garden-engine; the compressed air was turned on by another workman at the hind end of the *affusto*, and the drill commenced its rapid and heavy blows upon its formidable foe. "Thud!" "thud!" "thud!" it goes, at the rate of two hundred times a minute. Two men mind this portion of the apparatus, one to give the general direction of the drill, and the other, standing upon the ground, holds the end where it strikes the rock with a crooked iron, to prevent it from flying off

from the desired point of attack. The force of each stroke of the bar is 90 kilogrammes, or 198 English pounds, and as the piston moves back and forth, and consequently causes the bar to strike the rock at the rate of from 180 to 200 times a minute, each drill, therefore, exercises upon the point of attack a force equivalent to 39,600 pounds a minute.

The rock upon which the perforators were at work when we entered was hard white quartz, the most difficult to pierce which has yet been encountered. This layer was struck in the middle of June last, and its presence has materially retarded the progress of the tunnel. Formerly, in the mica, hornblende, slate, and limestone through which they quarried, the perforators made an advance of from one and a half to three yards a day. In this quartz they now make but from eighteen to thirty inches. A few figures will exhibit the rapid and decided reduction in the rate of progress. In May last the advance was 91 metres; in June, when the first croppings of the quartz began to appear, it was reduced to 49½; in July to 16; in August to 13; and in September to 19½ metres. It is supposed that there still remains a year's work in this quartz.

In commencing a perforation, the first difficulty is making a hole sufficiently large to confine the drill. When this first strikes the rock it hits wide and wild, like a pugilist blinded by the blows of his adversary. When once fairly entered, however, it works back and forth and rotates with great precision and regularity, a stream of water being conveyed into the hole by a flexible pipe to facilitate the boring. The nine perforators are placed above, below, in the centre, and on the sides of the *affusto*, so as to attack the rock at different points and angles, upon a surface of seven square metres. About eighty holes in the ordinary rock, from thirty to forty inches in depth, and varying in diameter from an inch and a half to three inches, are thus bored in preparation for blasting. In the quartz, however, in which the boring is now in progress, the holes are made but from seven inches to a foot in depth. Eight hours is usually employed in the boring, and this being completed, the *affusto* is drawn back, and a new set of workmen, the miners, take possession of the gallery. The holes are charged with powder and tamped, the miners retire behind the oaken doors, the slow match is ignited, an explosion occurs, which sends its reverberating echoes to the very extremity of the tunnel; the rock blown out is cleared away,

the *affusto* is advanced again, and another set of workmen coming in, the perforators are set in motion. And so this continues year in and out, week days and Sundays, night and day. The thousand workmen employed upon either side are divided into three reliefs, each working eight hours and resting sixteen. But two days in the year, Easter Sunday and Christmas, are acknowledged holidays. And for this constant, difficult, and dangerous subterranean labour, accompanied with an oppressive heat and a poisonous atmosphere, with smoke and grime and dirt, the common labourers receive but three francs a day, the more important and experienced ones four and five.

The quartz rock is terribly destructive to the drills and machines, and the former are required to be changed every few minutes, the tempered ends being battered and dulled after a few hundred strokes against the rock. In the comparatively soft material through which they have been passing there has been an average of a hundred and fifty drills and two perforators placed *hors de combat* for each metre of advance; and M. Sommellier estimates the number of perforating machines which will succumb in the attack, before the final victory is gained, at no less than two thousand.

My guide and myself had now been wedged in between the *affusto* and the rock for more than half-an-hour, and having seen and heard sufficiently, I proposed to leave; and taking our lamps, we commenced our "progress" backward. On our passage through the gallery of excavation we were frequently stopped by wagons standing on the rail track, which were receiving loads of stone, let fall into them through traps cut in the partition previously mentioned, and which divides the tunnel into two galleries. I had a curiosity to mount into this upper gallery; and climbing a steep staircase cut in the rock, we soon entered it. Here was another strangesight: an immense stone chamber, with walls and roof of jagged stone, through which little streams of water were percolating, filled with smoke, through which the flickering light of the miners' lamps was dulled and deadened, a hot fetid atmosphere, and a hundred black-looking men boring and drilling on every side, the platform covered with loose stones, the *débris* of the blast which we had heard on entering, and from the effects of which we were only protected by this oaken wall. "Are not accidents frequent here?" I asked my guide. "Not very," he replied; and told me that since the beginning of the

work but about forty men had been killed by premature explosions, falling of the rock, by being crushed under the wagons, and every other form of accident. The day after I visited the tunnel, upon the very spot where I stood in the "advanced gallery" a premature explosion occurred, caused by a spark struck from the rock while a miner was tamping a charge, resulting in the death of four men and the blinding and serious maiming of six others.

Over and among the stones, and down another steep ladder, and a short walk brought us to the little cabin where we had left our coats. These we were glad to put on again, as the air was already growing colder. In the gallery of excavation the thermometer, summer and winter, ranges from 71° to 84° Fahr., and there is frequently a difference of 40° in the temperature of the interior and exterior of the tunnel. Over the *trottoir* we rapidly retraced our steps towards the entrance. This soon appeared in sight, and growing larger and larger, we soon reached it, and emerged once more safe and sound into God's fresh pure air, and saw before us and around us again the snow-crowned fir-girdled Alps towering above the valley of the Arc.

We had been nearly two hours "in the bowels of the earth," and the place where we had stood by the side of the *affusto* was 2,170 mètres, or 2,372 yards — nearly a mile and a half — from the entrance. Up to the end of September last the advance made upon the Italian side was 2,914 mètres and 20 centimètres; that upon the French, 2,154 mètres and 80 centimètres. After passing through the quartz in which they are now engaged the engineers expect to strike a layer of gypsum, through which the perforators will make an advance of three mètres a day. On the first of January, 1866, the tunnel on the Badonèche side had reached a length of 3,110 mètres, on the French, 2,200, making in all 5,310 mètres; leaving 6,910 mètres, or 7,228 yards, yet to be completed. This the geologists and engineers confidently predict, unless some unforeseen obstacle occurs, can be done in four years, and that the tunnel will be open from end to end by the first of January, 1870.

Yet there are not a few old croakers who still believe that the "unforeseen obstacles" will yet be encountered, and bar the way of the perforator and *affusto*; that harder rock may yet be struck; that the subterranean caverns, and yawning chasms, and abysses may stretch beneath the very summit of the Grand Vallon; that the rivers and lakes

may yet burst forth and overwhelm and engulf workmen, tunnel, and the valleys in which its either end *debouches*. In reply to all this, however, the geologists and engineers calmly assert that thus far their "diagnosis," if I may use the term, of the character of the mountain-chain beneath which the tunnel runs, has proved correct, and that they have no reason to believe it will not continue so to the end.

Let us hope that they are right and the croakers all wrong, and that within the time predicted, on some fine morning, the miners upon either side may hear the steady rapid "thud" of the drill, as it strikes upon the then only thin wall, upon the other; and that the *affusto* having been withdrawn, and the mine fired, when the smoke of the explosion shall have cleared away, the labourers from Fourneaux and Bardonnèche, climbing over the *debris*, may meet and shake their rough hands together, and mingle their rude voices in a shout of joy that their work is finished, and that there are no more Alps.

ED. GOULD BUFFUM.

From the Economist 10th March.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH ON THE WASHINGTON ANNIVERSARY.

WE regret that we cannot join in the encomiums which some of our contemporaries have lavished upon Mr. Johnson's speech to the people of Washington, a speech which while praising it heartily they have most judiciously suppressed. We do not remember ever to have read a great public deliverance by a man in high position so wanting in external decorum of form or internal dignity of thought. The occasion, it must be remembered, was a very great one—the speaker one of the few mighty personages of the world. President Johnson is the head of one of the most powerful nations now existing, perhaps the most powerful nation now existing, of a people which without striking a blow can compel a Government like that which now rules France to recede from a cherished purpose, and he deemed it necessary to proclaim to the world the policy by which he hoped to close up the wounds caused by the civil war. He had to announce that as President of the nation, and not of any faction within the nation, he had deemed it right to break fi-

nally with the party which had elected him, to reintroduce the South without effective guarantees, and to forbid exceptional central legislation for the protection of blacks. It was natural to make his statement in the form of a speech to a cluster of people from Washington assembled in his own grounds, for that is the American mode, and becoming to speak with rough homeliness, for nothing not simple would be acceptable to the West. But it was neither natural nor becoming for the President, a monarch in position and more than a monarch in power, to address a mob in the style of a mob orator, and lay aside, with all pomp of words, all dignity of forbearance. There was manliness, and even dignity, in the way in which the President accepted and neutralised a laugh at his origin, but there was no manliness in affecting to believe that the majority in his own Parliament, without whom he could not have been President, were plotting assassination, in talking of his own murder as imminent, or in exclaiming in a tone which seems even to Americans histrionic—"If my blood is to be shed because I vindicate the Union and the preservation of this Government in its original purity and character, let it be shed; let an altar to the Union be erected, and then, if it is necessary, take me and lay me upon it, and the blood that now warms and animates my existence shall be poured out as a fit libation to the Union of these States." There was no dignity in singling out individual opponents as traitors, and stigmatising others as "dead ducks" upon which he would not "waste ammunition," or publicly telling the people that he, a monarch, "would not be bullied," or talking of the constitution as an "instrument to be printed as if it were in the heavens punctuated with stars," while in the next breath he affirmed that as a good tailor he wanted no "patchwork but a whole suit." Mr. Lincoln, like Mr. Johnson, was a Western man of lowly origin, and his humorous homeliness seemed often to Englishmen to pass the limits of good taste, but Mr. Lincoln on such an occasion would have been as incapable of speeches like this as any old world statesman, would have struck his opponents if at all by a few happy sentences of illustration, and have risen to Biblical imagery, which has always from association an effect of moral grandeur, where his successor rises only to wretched "bunkum." It may be said we make much of style, but in the utterances of statesmen there are styles which express tendencies and powers. No man not liable to lose his head would in Mr.

Johnson's position have uttered that angry burst about his own superiority to abuse, or the needless defiance of personal danger; no man whose judgment was balanced would have resorted on such an occasion to the wild hopes and feeble slang of a Western stump orator; no man, above all, conscious what it is to govern would have held up constitutional opponents by name to the vengeance of the nation as assassins. It is no light thing that in the crisis of its history a nation terribly powerful—and we use the word terribly advisedly—should be ruled by a man liable to be carried away when speaking in public, vindictive to opponents, capable of believing that wild protestations become the Chief Magistrate of a great State. Words are things in free politics. Mr. Bancroft's acrid nonsense about foreign States, uttered publicly to their Ambassadors, then sitting as the nation's guests, have done more to breed soreness and a false contempt for American institutions than a lost battle could have done, and his ill-judged exhibition of spite was a triviality when compared with the speech of Mr. Johnson. A second-rate historian flinging pompous sarcasms may excite annoyance, but an American President talking as if he were inflamed with wine excites fear.

The matter of the President's speech can scarcely be more satisfactory to thoughtful men than its manner. So far as he is endeavouring to moderate the rage of the North against the South they will sympathise with him, but it must not be forgotten that attacks of this sort may increase rancour, that the moderating power of the President is lost whenever he can be fairly suspected of leaning to one side. The power of the two sections is not equal, is utterly unequal, and the statesman who, to protect the weak, gives the strong a new reason for fearing them, does not strengthen but only removes a great restraint. It is a great object to regain the South and enable the machinery of the Union to get into full motion again. But it must not be forgotten that in rebuilding the Democratic party upon the basis of a Southern alliance, the President strikes a heavy blow at public credit. It is not to be expected that the South, whose own debt has been repudiated, should be heartily willing to pay a debt incurred for the purpose of defeating them, and if the South is necessary to the new party, the public faith will be, at all events, less strictly guaranteed than before. That is a reflection which we commend to our City friends as one of grave import, for though

American securities are not largely held in London, any serious shock to them would rebound from all German Bourses with most unpleasant violence. Moreover, Mr. Johnson, on his own theory of his duty, is pushing his advocacy of State rights too far. The law extending the operation of the Freedmen's Bureau may have been unwise, and certainly was exceedingly strong. But still the President's object is the preservation of the Union, and if the South is to reorganise itself upon the basis of serfage instead of slavery, the Union will be no safer than before the war. Setting aside altogether the claims and complaints of the negro—which, as far at all events as negro soldiers are concerned, seem scarcely to admit of discussion, the injustice of wronging men who have fought for you being patent—it is morally certain that Anglo Saxons accustomed to live among an obedient coloured population, and to enforce their will on a labouring class deprived by law of the right to bear testimony in court, will not long remain in amity with a democratic community pressing on it on every side, very aggressive, very unrestrained in language, and conscious of power so great as to place it entirely beyond risk in any physical contest. They can no more unite heartily than Athens and Sparta could have done; and Mr. Johnson, in proclaiming that the central power cannot interpose to prevent serfage, proclaims also that the central power will yet have to endure dangerous attacks. He risks the very calamity, an assault upon the Union, which he is so desirous to avoid. He has not the argument of constitutional necessity, for under the recent amendment, now part of that document, Congress can make any laws needful for the final extinction of slavery, and he is therefore acting solely on his own view of wise policy. It is very doubtful whether his people will agree with him. The shouts of his audience were natural; for the district of Columbia was, till the war, a slave-holding State, with an exceptionally severe Black code, and the applause of New York is very much affected both by patronage and Irishmen. Substantial power resides in neither city, but in a very stubborn class of yeomanry, who probably do not like negroes, but who have convinced themselves that the Union cannot last unless its component parts are placed on the same social basis. If they differ radically from the President, we have not seen the end of the American Revolution; and they are not the less likely to differ because he has accused their chosen representatives, without even

plausible ground, of wishing to assassinate him, and has quitted his position as monarch, to become chief of the party which, for five years, they have met only in the field. Nor are they less likely because he has done these things in a style which will suggest to all men that, whatever justice or kindness the South may expect at Mr. Johnson's hands, Abolitionists need expect and will receive neither.

From the Spectator, 10th March.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN AMERICA.

THE war between the President and the Radical Republicans has broken out at last with great fury. Both parties were in fault, but the unhappy freedmen will for the present suffer for those faults. The American Radicals were almost as violent and ungoverned in their language as Englishmen used to be some thirty-five years ago when they were struggling for a less important cause. They talked of impeaching the President for acting on what no one doubts to be the President's own most conscientious judgment, and in a manner perfectly legal, however unjust and unwise. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Sumner have both talked nonsense, and violent nonsense too, in what we believe to have been a good cause. They seem to have been animated as much, or even more, by aversion, not to say hatred, to the late rebels of the South, as by a sense of justice to the loyal freedmen of the South. The consequence of their excessive violence has been that the President has vetoed the mildest of their measures, — the measure for strengthening and extending the organization of the Freedmen's Bureau in the rebellious States so as to protect more effectually the rights of the emancipated negroes. This Bill, which was supported even by the Conservatives of the Republican party, — even by such men as Mr. Raymond, — was thought certain to receive Mr. Johnson's assent. And perhaps it would have received it, had not the language of the extreme Republicans irritated his vehement spirit beyond endurance. The message with which he returned it to Congress was dignified. It enumerated indeed none but what we may call the hackneyed democratic reasons against the Bill, — the danger of putting more patronage into the hands of the executive, the costliness of such an extension

of the Freedmen's Bureau, which would say Mr. Johnson, double the appropriation required, increasing it from 2,000,000 sterling to 4,000,000, — the irritating effect it would have on the South which would be thus taxed additionally for a measure for which it had not voted, — the impropriety of legislating any longer for the Southern States without admitting them to Congress, — and other varieties of the same class of reasons. The effect of this message on the Senate appears to have been to detach several adherents from the Bill, — not from its principle, but through the consideration that as the execution of the policy must be entrusted to the President, to vote a Bill over the head of the President the policy of which he dislikes, would only be an invitation to him to neutralize by feeble or reluctant administration what he had no longer the power to veto. The majority in the Senate on the reconsideration of the Bill was 30 to 18, less than a majority of two-thirds, and consequently the Senate failed to pass it over the head of the President. To make up for this failure some of the extreme men of the party appear to have talked of the President's usurpation of power in very absurd and irritating language, while one member of Congress proposed to forbid the re-election of a President by a new Constitutional amendment, — a measure ostentatiously pointed at Mr. Johnson. To this Mr. Johnson replied by a speech on Washington's birthday of a character even more violent and vulgar than that of his opponents. He spoke of Mr. Stevens, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Wendell Phillips, as being as much traitors to the Union as the Southern rebels. They might vituperate, traduce, and slander him, he said, but that did not move him: —

"And because I dared to say in a conversation with a fellow-citizen, and a Senator too, that I thought amendments to the Constitution ought not to be so frequent; that their effect would be that it would lose all its dignity; that the old instrument would be lost sight of in small time; because I happened to say that if it was amended such and such amendments should be adopted — it was an usurpation of power that would have cost a king his head at a certain time. . . . They may talk about beheading and usurpation, but when I am beheaded I want the American people to witness I do not want by innuendoes, in indirect remarks in high places, to see the man who has assassination brooding in his bosom exclaim, 'This Presidential obstacle must be gotten out of the way.' I make use of a very strong expression when I say that I have no doubt the intention was to incite assassina-

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The whole speech is utterly unworthy of the communications which, with all his faults, we have hitherto learned to expect from Mr. Johnson. Is he growing jealous of the reputation of his great predecessor as a martyr, and anxious to show, by something that sounds to us like bounce, that he would not shrink from incurring such a danger in the discharge of his duty? If he had not boasted of it, we should never have thought of doubting it. But as every one must be well aware that none even of the most violent Republicans ever thought for an instant of assassinating Mr. Johnson, this menacing language sounds at once insincere and undignified. Yet Mr. Seward is said to have spoken of the President's speech as 'triumphant,' and as securing the safety of the country.

That the speech is likely enough to prove triumphant in paralyzing for a time the Radical party in Congress by detaching the waverers, and making even the most firm and sagacious hesitate as to what they ought to do when they have got an Administration so hostile to the freedmen, so full of partiality to the South, through which alone they can work, is likely enough. That it will secure the safety of the country, looks

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men's Bureau in the South as unconstitutional, instead of to extend them, the reaction which had already set in *in manners* was certain to extend to more important matters. How terrible such a reaction will be only those who have mastered the present state of things in the South can know. Wherever United States troops have been withdrawn the schoolhouses of the freedmen have been burnt. The negroes are forced into lawless contracts, and their persons are habitually outraged. One writer from Western Louisiana says that he saw three freedmen butchered in one day. The most corrupt and ignorant men ruled wherever the troops were withdrawn,—men who had only two principles on their lips—hatred to the Yankee, and hatred to the freedman. Nay, it is said that so far as cancelling the expenditure on the schools for freedmen is concerned, and authorizing the extinction of these beneficent institutions, which the Freedmen's Bureau, under Mr. Lincoln's special impulse had founded, the President is himself personally responsible;—and we can quite believe, looking to Mr. Johnson's fanatic attachment to the old democratic formula, and his evident contempt for the welfare of persons so unimportant as negroes, in comparison with the sanctity of the holy principle of State taxation, that it is so. In Louisiana the Freedmen's Bureau had set on foot 300 schools, which were suddenly broken up in November by General Fullerton,—the freedmen and discharged coloured soldiers were arrested as vagrants in the streets of New Orleans, and the orphans of freedmen returned to former slave-owners as "apprentices." And for this General Fullerton is now said to plead the direct order of the President. Whether that be true or not, it is certain that to all such iniquities the President is comparatively indifferent, so long as he can hasten the restoration of the old State organizations, and throw all responsibility from the Federal Government on to the shoulders of the Southerners who profess to represent those States. We do not suppose that Mr. Johnson *wishes* to see any negro suffer. But weigh the lives and dearest liberties of all the three millions of freedmen against the smallest State privileges of the lately recalcitrant whites of the South, and he is unable even to realize that there can be a question as to the relative importance of the opposite causes. Perish Africa and the Africans, rather than the State rights of the most disloyal of Southern States should be withdrawn!—that clearly is his feeling.

We confess that we feel the glaring, the

inexpressible, injustice and ingratitude of this policy to the loyal freedmen, more than anything else. When the President speaks with such profound delicacy and tenderness of the financial rights of the rebellious minority of the population of such a State as South Carolina, and shows no regard whatever for the moral claims of the loyal majority, we cannot help noting the grossly arbitrary conceptions of right and justice which over-ride the whole nature of upright men in a land that professes to return, more than any other, to the old and 'natural' standard. But though this is the first and most obvious aspect of the matter, it is by no means the only one, nor probably the most important. If this attempt to heal over the wounds of the Union superficially and hastily,—in which Mr. Johnson is going far beyond the advice even of his most trusted military counsellors, in which, indeed, he is neglecting even the very moderate cautions of General Grant,—is to be prosecuted, it can have but one result,—to foster the seeds of a new and perhaps not very distant repetition of the rebellion which has so recently failed. The abolition of slavery can be of no *political* use in cementing the Union, unless it is to represent something that affects the whole groundwork and constitution of Southern society. If the spirit of respect for freedom and for individual rights is to be fostered and guarded, and the old slave-owning *animus* is to be rooted out, then, and then only, will there be an end of danger to the Union from this source. But if all the old spirit of caste is to revive again in even greater strength than before,—greater on account of the new jealousy felt of the rights nominally given to the negro,—and if the Southern States are to become the scenes of chronic passions, far less ungoverned because far less restrained by law, than those of our own Jamaica planters,—then in another ten years Southern society will be in an attitude at least as hostile to the spirit of the free North as it was six years ago; and if its material resources are once more recruited by peace, we do not see how a new collision as fierce as the old, and provoked probably with more cautious statesmanship, is to be averted. If ever that time comes, the North will have to regret even more bitterly than it now does that it trusted the destinies of the Union to the hands of statesmen bred up like Mr. Jefferson Davis, and we fear we must say Mr. Johnson, in habits of thought radically incompatible with true freedom.

From the Spectator.

ONE SECRET OF AMERICAN BOMBAST.

IF President Johnson had happened to take the side of the freedmen instead of the side of their former masters, every paper in England would be laughing by this time at the extraordinary succession of political screams, or we may say yells, of violent and vulgar party feeling with which he amused the crowd on the anniversary of Washington's birthday. As he has taken the other side, the *Times* assures us that this "memorable" speech "would not have been unworthy of the great founder of the American Republic." Now, in spite of the deepest aversion for the fundamental injustice on which, as it seems to us, Mr. Johnson's whole political theory is based, we sincerely respect the man, and see in the dignity and self-restraint of his State papers of how much that is large and statesmanlike he is really capable; but on that very account these outbursts of tall talk from a mind clearly capable of self-possession are so much the more remarkable. In Mr. Bancroft we are told that they indicate only the weakness of a dull and pompous man; in Mr. Sumner we are assured that similar rhetoric, — though in Mr. Sumner it is always comparatively polished, — is a congenital disease; in Mr. Seward, it is said to be a mere stroke of policy to amuse the crowd; in Mr. George Francis Train it is a cracked brain; in Mr. Stevens it is passionate party spirit; and so there is always an excuse of some sort. But when this sort of high-pressure language escapes from a President of more than common ability and reticence, who, is, as it were, the safety-valve of the national mind, we cannot but reason that there is something of a general cause at work which predisposes American thought to what seems to us bombastic and inflated expression, — and to bombastic and inflated expression somewhat different in kind from that which was popular in our own country eighty or ninety years ago, when Sheridan could do so much with an elaborate and, as it has come down to us, petulant metaphor taken from a Upas tree, that the House rose in too great excitement after his speech to continue the pretence of deliberation any longer. President Johnson's recent speech at Washington is full of almost inarticulate shrieks of metaphor. When he proposed that "if his blood were to be shed," — a rhetorical hypothesis contrary to the fact, — "let an altar to the Union be erected, and then, if it is necessary, take me and lay me upon it, and the blood that now warms and ani-

mates my existence shall be poured out as a fit libation to the union of these States," — the description of that imaginary return to idolatrous human sacrifices, and of the immolation of so costly a victim as the President of the United States, drew down thunders of applause from his audience. It was not the applause of amusement at a good joke, such as there might have been in an English crowd if Lord Palmerston, forgetting Lord Shaftesbury and the *Record*, had ventured to suggest the people's sacrificing him formally on an altar to the British Constitution, but of excitement at the impression produced by a great idea. And in other parts of his speech the President grasped incoherently, and with equal applause, at metaphors quite as wild. When Artemus Ward says that "the earth continues its revolution on its axis subjeck to the Constitooshun of the United States," he was more humorous but scarcely more extravagant than this grim old Democrat of Tennessee: — "All the powers combined," he said, "I care not of what character they are, cannot destroy that great instrument, that great charter of freedom; they may seem to succeed for a time, but their attempts will be futile. They might as well undertake to lock up the winds or chain the waves of the ocean and confine them to limits. . . . They will find that they might as well undertake to introduce a resolution to repeal the laws of gravitation as to keep this Union from being restored. It is just about as feasible to resist the great law of gravitation which binds all to a common centre as that great law which will bring back these States to their regular relations with the Union." Or again: — "Let us stand by the constitution of our fathers, *though the heavens themselves may fall*. Let us stand by it, though faction may rage; though taunts and jeers may come; though vituperation may come in its most violent character — I will be found standing by the Constitution as the chief rock of our safety, as the palladium of our civil and religious liberty. Yes, let us cling to it as the mariner clings to his last plank when night and tempest close around him."

Moreover, if we look at almost any specimen of the grandiloquent language so common in the United States, we shall find that its highest notes, — the sentences in which it rises to a scream, — are all on the same theme — the grandeur of the Union. For example, the *Times'* correspondent in New York sent us some very amusing specimens in the letter printed last Wednesday. Every one remembers the passage in Dick-

ens about the American eagle soaring aloft with a thunderbolt in its beak and an earthquake in its claws. This, from the official report of Congress, — the *Hansard* of the United States, — is not much less eloquent: "No, Mr. Speaker, let us proclaim to the world, and let it go forth, that having conquered the rebellion, having subdued the rebel army, we are prepared to rule this land and make our people free. And when that proud old bird of freedom shall soar across the land, bearing in his beak the broad banner of beauty and glory, let all its stars unfolded to the world proclaim in a language which will make thrones and tyrannies tremble to their centres, 'This is the home of the free!'" We believe it will be found that this is almost the only subject on which American oratory is habitually inflated, habitually liable to rise into a shriek. In some cases, it is true that the idea of the greatness of the State is the dominant one, and has never been merged in the idea of the Union. And in some it would appear that the object of the idolatry has not expanded beyond the native county. The same amusing letter of the *Times*' correspondent which we have before quoted, contains an amusing illustration. A "mossy-back" we suppose to be a politician whose mind is covered with the creeping growths of the old ideas, — the political lichens that the revolutionary 'Thorough' had not succeeded in clearing away. A member of the last State Convention held in Mississippi said, as reported in the papers: — "I am a mossy-back, Sir, and I stand here to-day to represent the county of Jones. Peoplesaid that the county of Jones seceded from Mississippi. Yes, Sir, we did secede from the Confederacy, and, Sir, we fought them like dogs; we killed them like devils, we buried them like asses. Yea, like asses, Sir! My people down there in the county of Jones did, in their sovereign capacity, secede, and did become mossy-backs. We did fight them like dogs, and kill them like hellions — like hellions, I say, Sir. But I didn't come up here to gas, Sir, and I surrender my rights to the floor, Sir, expressing only the one sentiment that I stand up for the county of Jones in general; yes, Sir, I am for Jones all the time. In my suffering county the wails of 380 widowed women and shirt-tail children are ascending before the God of right, and appealing in tears to the powers appointed for relief." Even "the members of the county of Jones," then, seem to have "a sovereign capacity," and it is the fact of their having "a sovereign capacity" which immediately suggests the

use of the most violent and figurative expressions. Even the splendid image suggested by the conception of "380 widows and shirt-tail children of the county of Jones ascending," in their "sovereign capacity" doubtless, shirt-tail though they be, "before the God of right," is an image inspired by the orator's profound sense of the right of the county of Jones to a popular will of its own. But it is worth noting that this orator, who speaks only for a county, quaint and picturesque though he is, is comparatively literal and free from metaphor if we read him by the side of orators who speak for States and that orators who speak for States are flat and unimpressive in their metaphors, as compared with the orators who have ascended to the idea of the Union. In proportion to the physical expansion of the idea of popular supremacy is the figurative elevation of the eloquence used. A soaring eagle with banner and stars in its beak, is but the rude hieroglyphic caught up heartily by clumsy imaginations to shadow forth the ubiquity and glory of the Union. Mr. Johnson's law more fundamental and irreversible than the law of gravitation, that Constitution of his by which Americans are to stand when the heavens are rolled up like a scroll, and the earth dissolved with burning heat, are again nothing but random efforts to indicate with a few strokes of blazing colour the immensity of the faith which the word "Union" conveys to his mind. We fully expect to see before long some American Mansel writing a treatise to show that the idea of the Union belongs to the region of those Infinite and Absolute notions which are beyond the sphere of relative knowledge, to the world of the Unknown and Unknowable, — to which also, by the way, the Confederates were willing to consign it. The American Platonists probably think the idea of the Union to be a reminiscence of a former state of existence; and if the last man were an American, no doubt Hope in lighting "her torch at Nature's funeral pile" would inspire him with an expectation of its immortality, — of seeing the New Heavens and the New Earth administered under the old Constitution, — and would dispose him to disbelieve that in any literal sense there would be "no more sea," on the ground that the President is declared in that document the Commander of both the Army and Navy of the United States.

We may laugh at this sort of superheated intellectual strain, but it is only fair to try and understand it. The Union is the only subject on which it is certain that Ameri-

can bombast far outdoes the bombast of the same climate of education in England. And we believe it is true that, just as a drop of water turning into steam at a much higher temperature than the ordinary boiling point of water, is indefinitely more powerful as a motive force than the equivalent whiff of steam at the ordinary boiling point, so the peculiar superheated grandeur and magnificence attached by Americans to the idea of the Union, ridiculous as they seem to us, are capable of exercising a far wider and more efficient motive force than if they were of the ordinary political fervour. The truth is that Englishmen, at least Englishmen outside the working class, have never fully realized how new and original a conception that of an immense continent all united under the same rule, and with the most perfect freedom of intercourse and equality of political condition between all parts of it, is. To us, indeed, there is something greater and more exciting in the notion of diversity, and of that competition for influence in which the different Governments of Europe are always engaging. But to an American the Government of the Union really shadows forth feebly what we conceive of as the overruling government of God. We usually believe that that Union is a mere provisional state of things, inferior by its very uniformity, which must break up ultimately into the richer variety of a whole number of differently organized States. But the Americans think of it as representing the true unity of man, as a first approximation towards making the globe the residence of a single family and a harmonious family too. They hope to realize a wholly different political future from that of Europe, — one disturbed by no great dynastic feuds, embarrassed by no confusion of tongues, yet permitting enough variety for true unity; — in language, variety of dialect, — in physical nature, variety of climate and scenery, — in character, variety of moral gifts and tastes, — in commerce, variety of production and manufacture, — in faith, variety of civilized creed, — but none of the variety of language which prohibits mutual intercourse for hard-worked men, none of the political variety between despotism and liberty, which inevitably leads to blows, no variety in moral customs so great as to render one part of the country uninhabitable by citizens of another. That, we say, is the ideal, whatever we may think of the indications here and there that it will never be realized: and it is unquestionably a great ideal, in itself sufficient to excite the imaginations

of unimaginative men into a spurious attempt at eloquence which inevitably becomes bombast. Nay, we imagine that the striking species of monomania, which we observe with so much surprise in connection with a Constitution about ninety years old, is a Darwinian provision for the modification of the species in the direction of this ideal destiny. Without a positive instrument of this kind to regard with what seems to us a positive fetish-worship, it would have been impossible for a people spread over so wide a tract of country, and with such necessarily vast chasms between their different notions of moral law and politics, to work out such a notion at all. As it is, the social difference caused by slavery has all but broken up this Union for ever; and yet the curious toleration always shown for slavery till it did break up the Union, and the moral toleration shown for it still when it is politically condemned, is but one token of the vast moral conspiracy, as it were, made by Americans of all creeds not to take offence with each other's modes of thought and life, so long as they were not false to the only positive external standard of unity. An elastic unity and voluntary mutual forbearance even as regards moral distinctions, is the true primary idea of the American Union: — the idea of popular liberty was secondary to it, and was rather the necessary condition of this vast unity than its regulating principle; and we believe the political ideal of the artisans in this country is not very dissimilar.

And this idea it is which gives its peculiar effort and scream to the political bombast of America. It is an attempt of the imagination to reach, as it were, a second and wider, though thinner, stratum of patriotism, above that to which we give the name. It seems always true that as you widen the range of your sympathies, and realize less and less the exact objects which identify with yourself by a sort of enlarged egotism, language tends to become more florid. Even in England the language of political patriotism is always more florid than that of domestic affections, and in America there is this wider and thinner but more excited Union patriotism outside the range of the narrower and better realized State loyalty. All this talk of shedding warm blood on the altar of the Union, of the American eagle screaming across a "common" country, and so forth, is the effort of an inadequate imagination to sweep the wider upper stratum of political enthusiasm and egotism that is connected with the Federal Union. The idea is really

great. The effort to express the idea in symbols is usually imbecile. That word "common" as applied to country is the key to it, and naturally enough the metaphors used are common in two senses—common to all the Unionist States, —and also common in the sense of "common and unclean." When Mr. Pogram says, "In the ladies' ordinary, my friends, or in the battle-field, the name of Pogram will be proud to jine you; and may it, my friends, be written on my tomb,— 'He was a member of the Cóngrés of his common country, and was active in his trust,'" —he cranes at this higher level of patriotism scarcely more ineffectually and absurdly than Mr. Johnson in his talk about the altar and the warm blood. Of recent American statesmen, only Mr. Lincoln seems to us to have kept down all vulgar inflation in his speech on this subject, —and that only perhaps because his imagination habitually realized a Power far above that of the Union, in which alone could be the basis of true unity, —a unity therefore rooted in humility, and not in magniloquence or conceit.

From the Spectator.

TIGRESSES IN LITERATURE.*

How did the tigress first make her way into English literature? No novel is now complete, and very few novels are successful, without a specimen of a bad woman of a peculiar kind, hard as steel and as glittering, full of ability, insensible to fear, with the energy of a brigand and a brigand's recklessness of principle. Usually they have some one master passion, —love, or ambition, or the crave for luxury; invariably they are exempt from the weakness, and purposelessness, and sensibility to small external influences which novelists once thought essential to the delineation of the sex. Nine times out of ten they have odd physical peculiarities, green eyes, or violet eyes, or yellow hair, or sinuous figures, or eerie laughs, or unchanging pallor, and these peculiarities help to enslave the victims whom *primâ facie* one would expect them to repel. They are in fact human tigresses, though with the thirst for blood undeveloped, — beings of exquisite form and

feline natures, who can when driven to bay fight terribly, but would rather spring secretly but relentlessly on their prey. Their attitudes are of course varied according to the requirements of the story, and of the few qualities common to all tigers, whether fierceness, or treachery, or lust of prey, one is usually made predominant; but the central idea is always the same — a woman beautiful with weird beauty, but dangerous to every one who approaches her, with a will so intensified that crime produces no remorse, treacherous, greedy, and devoid of human feeling. Sometimes, as in *Jenny Bell*, she exercises her skill in a gentler manner, hungering only for prey, and not for broken hearts. Mr. Fitzgerald's heroine, in his first sketch of her called *Bella Donna*, a human being very well outlined, is in *Jenny Bell* an adventuress pure and simple. Not absolutely "improper," we think — though the author with considerable art contrives to leave this doubtful — but ready to become so if that would secure her success in life, plausible, untruthful, full of plots, unswerving in purpose, and utterly without feeling. From the necessities of the story her exploits are chiefly of a domestic kind, but one little extract reveals the feline character. The manager of a watering-place hotel has rather persecuted her for her bill, she makes love to a lad who pays it, and complains to the proprietary. The unlucky manager, who has done nothing but his duty, beseeches her to forgive him.

" 'For God's sake, don't go on with this matter!' he said, with an agonized voice, and wringing his hands. 'I shall be ruined! If I am dismissed a second time, I shall get nothing elsewhere! I have a wife and children all dependent on me! I shall not know where to turn to.' She said afterwards, describing the scene, and said it with great justice, 'Just as if I had been the cause of his misfortune! Why should he reproach me, poor man?' — 'I know,' said he, interpreting this look, 'I should have thought of this myself. But how could I know? There are people that come here as nice as ladies — nicer indeed than any ladies. It was very foolish — very improper — and I do most humbly ask your pardon. But you will not have me turned out in this way? . . . I am sure you will not be hard on a poor man. I am unworthy of your notice. A word from you,' he added, 'will do. If you and Mr. Swinton were to go to him and speak earnestly,' Jenny was truly concerned to see this picture of humiliation. 'What can I do — poor I! I feel for you, indeed I do. Do you suppose they would heed me? It is in Mr. Swinton's hands. You must try him. I don't

**Jenny Bell*. A Novel. 3 vols. By P. Fitzgerald. London: Bentley.

Land at Last. A Novel. 3 vols. By Edmund Yates. London: Chapman and Hall.

like even to think of it. It is like a nightmare,' she added, trying to shut it out with her hands. 'As for putting herself forward in the matter—no,' she said, shaking her head calmly. 'I must try and wipe it out. It is a hideous page in my life. Good-bye, Mr. Bird. I do indeed forgive you—don't let that disturb you—and wish you everything—everything.'

To win her game it is only necessary to separate a worthy gentleman who has befriended her from all his friends, to make him distrust his daughters' affection, and to induce him to marry herself, while she is in the act of proposing to another man; and she does it, would have done it, had the doing involved breaking the hearts of all she was pretending to love, with as soft and resistless a pat as she crushed the innkeeper withal. Her stealthy manœuvres through the jungle till she springs upon her prey have of course their interest—most of us would like to watch a tigress on her path—but it is the interest of watchfulness alone.

So it is in Mr. Yates' novel *Land at Last*, an exceedingly clever story of Bohemian life, with artists for actors, and a woman supposed all through to belong to the *demi-monde* for heroine. Mr. Yates has evidently tried hard to combine the realistic novel which he would write if left alone to follow his own bent, with the kind of interest now demanded by the public, and he has no doubt in a measure succeeded. His story is interesting enough, and the lesser figures, Geoffrey Ludlow, the patient, slow, strong artist, with genius in him which does not emerge except in his pictures, and is wholly absent from his conversation, unselfish, and with a trace of romance, is admirably drawn. So is Lord Caterham—sketched, we fancy, like the hero of *A Noble Life*, from the late Mr. Smedley—and so is, in all but some external peculiarities, which if real pall as they would do in real life, William Bowker, the old wise artist, of broken heart and lost reputation, whose heart is as warm as ever but needs wine, and whose brain is as keen as ever but useless to himself. But all the figures in the book are dimmed to a degree Mr. Yates probably does not himself perceive by the blazing figure of the tigress, with dead white face, and violet eyes "set in that deep dead-gold frame of hair." The quality of the tigress in this case is an absorbing love for her mate, which swallows up every vestige of feeling. She has married and been deserted by an aristocratic cadet, who has persuaded her to call herself his mistress. During their amour she has

lived the fast life of the *demi-monde*, eaten dinners at Richmond with lively men and livelier women, sat on the box of a drag loaded with men about town, been pelted with half real, half impure, and, as she thinks it, wholly pleasant, worship. Deserted, she starves, and is rescued from immediate death of cold and hunger by an artist, Geoffrey Ludlow. To him she tells her story as if she had been her seducer's mistress, and he, besotted with her violet eyes and dead-gold hair, marries her. For a time immunity from cold and hunger makes her grateful, but her heart is still burning for her husband; and the respectable comfortable life, the kindly but vacillating companion, the prosy surroundings of her home, fill her with unspeakable weariness. She cannot care for Geoffrey, or the child she brings him, or his art, or her daily existence, and the crave for the old free life, bad, but full of motion, slowly fills up her heart. At last her husband returns, and in a scene of high though strained dramatic power she tells Geoffrey Ludlow that she never loved him or her child, that the boy is a bastard, and she will return to her husband. She is tigress in fact, with her love for her mate as a predominant motive power. Natural of course she is not; the cat who became a lady, but yet sprang after the mouse, never can have been quite natural—say when rats were scratching at the wood-work; and these tigresses always wear the human skin very loosely; but she is worth watching in her couchant weariness, with the fiery eyes always watching for the impulse which is to bid her resume her form, worth watching as she waits for "her husband's guests," and thinking of the past-away life in the jungle;—

"A great weariness was on Margaret that day; she had tried to rouse herself, but found it impossible, so had sat all through the morning staring vacantly before her, busy with old memories. Between her past and her present life there was so little in common, that these memories were seldom roused by associations. The dull, never changing domestic day, and the pretty respectability of Elm Lodge, did not recall the wild Parisian revels, the rough pleasant Bohemianism of garrison lodgings, the sumptuous luxury of the Florentine villa. But there was something in the weather to-day—in the bright fierce glare of the sun, in the solemn, utterly unbroken stillness—which brought back to her mind one when she and Leonard and some others were cruising off the Devonshire coast in Tom Marshall's yacht—a day on which, with scarcely a breath of air to be felt, they lay becalmed in Babbicombe Bay; under an awning,

of course, over which the men from time to time worked the fire-hose; and how absurdly funny Tom Marshall was when the ice ran short. Leonard said—The gate-bell rang, and her husband's voice was heard in hearty welcome to his friends. And she must listen to the old lady's praises of Geoff., and how she thought it not improbable, if things went on as they were going, that the happiest dream of her life would be fulfilled—that she should ride in her son's carriage. 'It would be yours, of course, my dear; I know that well enough; but you'd let me ride in it sometimes, just for the honour and the glory of the thing.' And they talked like this to her; the old lady of the glory of a carriage; Matilda of some hawbuck wretch for whom she had a liking;—to her! who had sat on the box-seat of a drag a score of times, with half-a-score of the best men in England sitting behind her, all eager for a word or a smile."

It is hard to read of this woman, utterly bad except in her mad, tigress-like love for her first husband, adulteress and traitress in her adultery, faithless wife, cold mother, and cruel friend, without an interest, and harder to explain whence the general interest arises. For the moment it is general—such a woman sells any book—and we want to know whence it comes. It is not from the naturalness of the character. There have been such people in real life perhaps. Marguerite de Valois, as described by history and not by Dumas, was such a woman, and so was Mary Stuart, but nobody believes the genuine tigress frequent in English life. Bad women are common no doubt, and women who are bad in other respects than cruelty, but they are almost invariably small women, given to petty plot and small wile, with purposes liable to be turned by conventional obstacles, and when free from stain remarkably solicitous for their reputation. The woman who is capable of inventing a false story of her own seduction, for instance, without motive—for a hundred stories would have been as probable, and a dead husband would have been most *vraisemblant* of all—has probably among English women yet to be created. The real hard, English girl would avoid just that, press to her object by any means save that—lie, deceive, and simulate to avoid precisely that imputation. Northough women often plot, do they often plan, plan deeply, with a resolution to sweep away any obstacle in their path. Becky

Sharp is the true representation of the British adventuress—Becky Sharp, who amidst her intrigues sighs for respectability, and only loves her husband in the one moment when his just wrath has crushed her schemes to powder. The tigress is not real,—but if but if not real, where is her charm? The true explanation is, we take it, not very creditable to the dignity of the novel-reading public. They like such stories, just as children like stories of savage and wild adventure, incidents of hunting, dangers by flood and field. They read, especially women, of Margaret Dacre as boys read of Captain Kidd, forgetting the criminality of the deed in the excitement of the danger. They watch her stalking her prey as we have all watched the Forest Ranger, admire a bold leap through the safeguards of society as we admire a leap across some impossible chasm, read of social obstacles as formerly of rocks and ravines, note the defeat of the bad man as boys record the lucky shot which kills the buffalo in the path of some mighty hunter, and are as callous to the agony of the victim as children are to that of the elephant some heroic sportsman has brought down. It is the hunting instinct to which these books appeal, though the game is human, the weapon an unscrupulous use of beauty, and the jungle London society, with its dense foliage, and grassy glades, and hidden beasts and reptiles. The taste for such literature passes away very speedily, and we doubt if while it endures it is much more injurious than the stories of pirates and highwaymen, while, though more artistic, it is certainly not more beneficial. We prefer analyses of men and women, but if readers really enjoy sketches of tigresses in human form, they may as well buy sketches as careful and, despite the subject, as pure in idea as Mr. Yates'. They are at all events artistically better than the really astounding one of a monster of self-will and bad temper upon whom Mr. Mark Lemon, in *Falkner Lyle*, has chosen to waste his powers. The tigresses are bad enough to us, but this woman, Bertha, whose infamous temper gives occasion for three volumes of misery and complications, is a shade worse. She is as insufferable in a book as she would be in real life—a purposeless, charmless, vicious-tempered bore, who ruins what might otherwise have been a readable novel.

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